

I was in England when the war broke out, and continued to work there for another one and a half years in London hospitals. One after the other my friends left for the front. Then came the news of the unfortunate Russian retreat, which made a deep impression on me. I had always had a romantic fascination with Russia and had long desired to one day visit that vast country. Therefore, I went to the Swiss Legation in London, in regards to Petrograd with the request, to assist me in becoming a doctor in the Russian army.

Two months later, in November 1915, I received a telegram from the Directorate of the Russian Red Cross in Petrograd which informed me that my request had been approved. In late November, I departed from England and one week later I found myself in Petrograd.

The frigidly cold winter [hielt geschlagen] this wonderfully beautiful city built in its grip. The large hotels were overflowing with refugees from Poland, rich Semitic merchants, officers, magnates from the Caucasus in colourful costumes, and elegant ladies. On Nevsky Avenue, promenaded vacationing high-ranking generals, even though the enemy had invaded the country. In discussions with reputable people, for example a bank director, I was unpleasantly moved by a certain scepticism towards the war, which was a stark contrast to the war-energy that I knew from England. Moreover, I found everything incredibly strange, sometimes even eerie.

Then I saw, however, also signs of war: white processions led by priests, conveying a fallen warrior to his grave and which in their moving simplicity and profound seriousness formed a peculiar contrast to the resplendent hedonism of the metropolis. Then I saw recruits, who were practising on the Field of Mars -- it seemed as though they were obeying an invisible iron hand when, in their long coats and formed into rigid motionless rows, on command were set into motion.

During the first day of my arrival I reported to the Directorate of the Red Cross. They received me very cordially and inquired about my wishes. I asked to be taken on as a doctor of internal medicine by their organisation, if possible at the front. Three weeks later, the young Prince Alexander, commander of an ambulance for the first aid behind the front, reported to me and requested that I join his ambulance. He said to me that his ambulance, "the Otriad," had existed since the first days of the war. There had always been three doctors assigned to him. Presently two of the latter had to give up their positions and that he had come to Petrograd in order to find replacements. My name had been given to him at the Directorate of the Red Cross. I answered immediately: "I'm not a surgeon and it surely will be exclusively surgical work, or does the ambulance also deal with the sick aside from the wounded?" The Prince said no to the latter, as he told me that in the immediate vicinity of the ambulance another organisation was located that exclusively dealt with illnesses. He added, however, that his clinic had a good head surgeon, who I could assist if I was not a specialist. I hesitated for a moment, but then I quickly decided. On the one hand I did not want to remain idle and waiting, on the other hand the prospect of being so close to the front was enticing, and there was something about the Prince's personality, a suave, confidence-inspiring kindness, that convinced me to accept his offer.

The Prince suggested that I should quickly procure my equipment and leave for the front. "Visit me if you still want to know anything. I will remain here a few days and will still give you your itinerary. Unfortunately, I have to leave Petrograd before you do, however, a student who belongs to my ambulance, and who is here on furlough, will travel with you."

A few days later, I went to see the Prince. He introduced me to Iwgeni, the student, or, more specifically, he presented us to one another and then left us alone. Iwgeni spoke only Russian, and I understood hardly a word of this language. We stood facing each other in silence, then we both began to laugh. I liked Iwgeni at first sight. Slender, lean, with expressive eyes, blond, slightly curly hair, somewhat unworldly. This was my future travel companion. ***

In a week which I was with two uniforms, an ordinary and a fur coat, according to the gear box, a Russian doctor. The day before my departure, I was asked by the Princess G., the mother of my commander, recommended catch. She gave me some good advice and told me also that the chief surgeon of the Otriad in the absence of the Prince suddenly within twenty-four hours by the Directorate of the Red Cross's position which he had been. He was a free man views that he has openly expressed and, therefore, not accepted, but now is of any spy has been shown that he had spoken German children. This was after Petrograd been excellent and the doctor was, without any consideration for the service stopped. When the princess said farewell to me, and I repeat their own words, because they are so easy [menschlich] and the hospitality of one of the finest ladies in Russia compared to a completely unknown strangers her show: "J'espère que la-bas vous ne serez pas trop triste. Avec mon fils vous pouvez être tout à fait serein. Vous aurez un ami en lui." I will never forget those words, which for me were like a blessing before the journey into the unknown.

The next day, at 5 o'clock in the evening, my travel companion appeared, the student named Iwgeni, and together we drove to the station, where we boarded the crowded train. Our seats were numbered, but it took some time until we could find them.

The cars were overheated, full of officers. Soldiers, ordinary travellers, all confused, loaded with luggage, bumping into one another and talking excitedly. The car was only illuminated by the light of a [duster burning candle. After the elegant Scandinavian sleeping and the equally elegant train from Finland seemed to me this way to travel [zürst weird. The conductor, bearded old men, old patriarch of Russia, which controlled billets. Soon, however, it was cosy. The baggage disappeared in the spacious luggage racks, we sat down and began my companion had to give information about me, including why I spoke no Russian. Then me, "Papirosi" and a soldier I even sewed a button on my jacket notes. Soon we set our sleeping places, and drove into the night. The next morning an officer joined us, the head of a medical transport, my companion ever been on a battlefield had met. He spoke fluent English and helped me throughout the journey in the lovable way. At night we drove into the city of G.'s train station. Here we had to move the train and therefore had remained for a few hours. The station bustled with officers and soldiers. There were piles of luggage around. Many Jewish weird shapes with long beards and grey hair in long coats, sneaked through the crowd. The city of G. was one of those that the Jews were instructed to locate and it was the last major station outside the war zone. For me that was a colourful image in the waiting room of first impression for the next life at the front. The officers, the one and went out in their diverse [Pelzmänteln, the Merciful Sisters, who were scattered about the [kraftigen soldiers with the slightly skewed to the right ear-fitting cap and the fresh young faces gave an interesting picture warlike life. A small wrinkled Jew with [wink [Äuglein] wanted to do a follow up conversation with me. I managed to make him understand that I only spoke French, he mysteriously snarled, he knew only one word of this language: "L'argent." The image of life in this station, the dim light and the smell [staubigölige I have yet to be fully currently.

The new train, we climbed after some time, had a special car for the officers and we found good beds.

Soon we met it at the central station of our special front section. The associated small town consisted of low-built [unregelmäßig Houses and streets were crowded and many with a lot of military stages occupied. The station showed once again a busy life and soldiers looked everywhere the bags of the soldiers with small blue [Teekesseln. It was a wonderful day, beautiful sunshine and blue sky and the glare of the snow. An [ordinance from our Otriad expected us to receive our luggage was. Unfortunately we could not immediately continue. Our train was already gone. They told us that perhaps a locomotive and a baggage car during the day at our destination would drive, perhaps very soon, maybe in a few hours, perhaps not.

My companion led me to a field hospital, which was stationed here. Inside the large barracks were about fifty wounded on stretchers, in pure white linen. All young people with almost childlike expressions. The one connected with the head, the other for the poor in the rail. They seemed happy, smoked, chatted and helped each other. Behind a wall was the surgery room. The surgeon, a very intelligent man with head and large hands, came to us and said to me once (he spoke fluent French): "It is a pity that in summer you were not there. We had a lot to work. In winter, the war is boring."

"Barmherzigen The sisters joined us, dressed as nuns, strange-looking. They invited us to work with them to come home, but left us alone in her apartment and we saw them just before our Check out the faster, as we had hoped, took place again. A large luggage trolley took us on, filled with Cossacks and other soldiers. A young officer came to us, the nephew of our corps commanders, a handsome young man with lively eyes, his head wrapped in a long, white Baschlik.

After a good half-hour ride was our engine suddenly stopped by gendarmes. We were forced out of the train and in a small station building, where officials worked Telegraph to wait. The soldiers are now made out a fire in the forest and then warmed to the cold night sky. We visited a Mercy sister, also in the station building lived in a bare room with only a desk and chair, by a candle lit, white walls, filled with cartoons by an earlier Einquartierten there. The nurse spoke with melodic, pleasant voice and had the facial features of a simple woman of the Russian people.

At 7 o'clock that evening we finally arrived at our destination. The cold feet exceeded the track and on the hard snow. On the forest behind the station building was a wooden langliches. A lantern with a red cross shone there: This was my new home.

When we entered, were the inhabitants of the house from all rooms, the prince and my future employees. We lived here alone. Two sisters of mercy, were also here: the older slender, blond with strong facial features, and the other small, dark with pretty big eyes. They ranged my hand. Prince Sergius, the deputy of Prince Alexander, a young man with a slightly Semitic type, entered added that he was [tartarischem] origin, with a long beard and unsettled eyes. Then I saw two students. One of them, Benjamin, pushed me almost painful hands. He was blond, with free forehead, a cheerful, open face and a force built. He liked me immediately. The other, Asef, corpulent, unwieldy, laughed and joked incessantly.

Soon, the prince introduced me to the chief surgeon. He had also just arrived two days before me. The first impression was not pleasant. Dr. Baramowitsch had a smart but very ugly face, disfigured by smallpox scars, with cold-looking eyes. His voice was hoarse from chronic catarrh, and his uniform was worn. He extended his hand, said hofliche few words and then turned to a student with whom he any statistical report durchblatterte. The third doctor did not come until later in the evening, he was new. He had nothing to be Russian, a German name and hard facial features.

The Prince showed me on the following days the bodies of our Otriads. Our house was quite spacious. The purest and largest room was too Federation and operations intended purposes. The walls were painted over and weiß partly covered with white cloth. The operating table stood in the middle of an alcohol-Gaslampe. On the walls were a washstand, a few tables with stuff Association and the known metal cans and a sterilizer. That was all. Clean and pure, albeit primitive enough. A small anteroom, the pharmacy, the pharmacist dar., one of our Sanitatssoldaten, saß, as usually at his desk and played with one of the students chess. He was a high man with dark hair, pale yellow in color and facial piercing, unsettled eyes. I horte only later that he was a Jew.

Another large room was on our wounded. Two or three young people were sitting on their stretchers and erzählten from home. They were only slightly wounded and waited for the next transport trainzug.

To those adjoining room was our bedroom, I had with the younger doctors and told a student. A large bare room with a huge stove, a table and camp beds. Next door lived the other students, Iwgeni,

Benjamin, and Asef. The room was cozy. Illustrations from journals hung on the walls, alongside [Kriegstrophän] and captured rifles. On the table a picturesque disorder: photographic paraphernalia. Weapons, writing materials, hair brushes, etc. Then followed a small room for the two Sisters and the space that divided the two princes, who as the only decoration on the walls of war maps and an old, peculiar icon showed through the whole thing seemed to watch. Then followed our common dining room, bald, langlich and something close with a long table covered with oilcloth, a small room for the chief surgeon, the kitchen, where our Ordinances hausten, and finally small room, designed for the dentist. This service was currently one of our nurses provide, but after my arrival met a [Zahnarztin] on. In this room, slept well the small Bronja. a Bäürnkind the neighborhood, which suffered from bone tuberculosis and maintained by us and verwohnt was until we departed.

Just behind the home began in the forest. There were the sanitary Erdhütten our soldiers. It stood out only half of the earth in which they are quite deep eingegraben were up and were covered with snow. They had high windows. The interior was simple and of wood. [Erwärmt they were built of brick kilns. Often, the interior was a bit damp. The horses were in a stylized, from logs, branches and twigs built barn. There were mostly magnificent animals, ausdaümd lively and well-built. We had over one hundred horses. Each was from a particularly soldiers, mostly with a touching devotion and care.

On a small clearing in [Innern this camp were the field kitchens. There was always a fire burning and our soldiers there warmed like the feet. When the Prince arrived there with me, was once the shape of the leader of our medical soldiers, the [Wachtmeisters Andreef. He was formerly a cavalry corporal and was a good man he was penetrating, shrewd eyes, a drooping blond moustache and a voice command. In peacetime, he drove a small [bluhenden trade in sugar confectionery, near Moscow. He called the soldiers came. Many of them came and greeted the prince, by giving him a loud, sharp voice wished good health. There were men in his best years with the Papacha on his head and wrapped in short, brown jackets, which were lined with sheepskin.

Thirty-six small trolleys for the wounded were always prepared under the trees. They were simple, zweiräderig, covered with a gray canvas. light and springy.

Prince Yuri from Moscow had at the start of the war our Otriad organized. At that time, three doctors, two sisters, seven students and two hundred soldiers equipped ambulance. Prince Alexander was damas Deputy Chief of the ambulance and had only after the resignation of Prince Yuri six months later over the command. For the first time were still our head nurse, and my traveling companion, the student Iwgeni. In the beginning of the war was the Otriad in Galicia, and later during the retreat to Poland. They had worked unaufhorlich and participated in some battle. Often I was the first time by deeds and adventures of the gloss of the enthusiasm of the troops initially soulful, from the appalling lack of ammunition during the retreat. Our Otriad had just learned by experience. J. Prince was a man of great energy and lively temperament. Stormy conflicts between himself and his staff will then often been.

We were an infantry division of a certain army corps assigned. We first performed services for those regiments which were in the Feürlinie, especially during the fighting. In quiet periods, as at present, we are worried surgical assistance to those wounded, from the positions in the vicinity came to us. Mostly we were together with the reserve of that regiment stationed. Only moment we were a little further back, because to us by the immediate vicinity of the railway provides excellent transportation conditions were.

Our task involved is usually only first-aid, the first solid and [Notverbände] emergency. We bebalten the wounded, we should not. This occurred only in [Ausnahmefällen] before, at least currently, and only for those patients whose condition did not permit immediate shipment.

The organization of the Red Cross was not strictly military. Our soldiers were mostly medical[y unfit ?] older people, who earlier service with the weapon made debates. After the Red Cross were

allocated, they are no longer together under the military discipline. The administration and control of our work was the headquarters of the Red Cross worried that the staff of the army or an army group have been allocated. These organizations have given the appointments, granted leave and gave us all everything we need debates. In general, the Red Cross was very well organized and had significant funds.

The head doctor of the Army Corps or the Division doctors usually gave us the instructions for the specific service. The certain regiment in which we should Steben and where. We were not forced to execute these instructions strictly. The Corps doctors were usually civil servants, the distance from abstract things on paper assessed and loved it, Your Excellency to dubs will. They loved the Red Cross is not particularly because it was ihrer scrutiny. Deshalb it was good that Prince Alexander is often directly connected to the corps commanders could understand that we always liebenswürdigster way entgegenkam and the initiative of the Prince had full freedom.

Every battalion debate his doctor, the regiment as a whole have a chief. Few of these doctors were constantly in the army, most were mobilized practitioners whose specialty was not taken into account. The regimental ambulances had hardly the stuff Allernötwendigste of association and medicines. They had a few **Transportwagen**, a hospital room, where they only lightly wounded and sick **zurückbehielten**. The seriously ill should never be behandelt and deaths due to illness could not happen. Each division had its own hospital and a great big ambulance division. The latter should be the main transportation and major surgery deal. For us in this division were rarely operations made, usually only the most necessary dressing changes concern the wounded and then forwarded. In addition, there were is, at least to us, this division because of their ambulances apparatus is not complicated in the immediate vicinity of the firing line. The result was organizations like ours is necessary and also highly regarded in the army.

These first few weeks, I mentioned in my new surroundings zubrachte, were like a dream and I have also stayed in the memories: All the new and strange and the loving-kindness that you gave me, debates big impression on me. Shortly after my arrival at the front was Christmas, that our Western Christmas. On Christmas morning I found my place on a small tree, with all possible behangen small gifts and congratulated me, our ordinances.

The morning brought us to the Association of room, but there was currently very little work for us. Afternoon we rode about the country, through the snowy woods and on the frozen marshes.

Shortly after my arrival, we visited pilot officers [?]. They lived in a small farm house. The white walls were inside one of the officers, in peace time as an artist is acquired fame, has been painted. A large mural was peculiarly his motive and the art of presentation: The Fallen Angel. A type of Russian Magdalena, which plunges into an abyss, the facial expression with a gloomy hopelessness.

This officer was also a lot to do with photography and showed us a lot of interesting pictures. It was a very pleasant company. The chef was a young man, already widely known by his audacity. He was later replaced by another officer, who also excelled. The latter was a strange man with long black hair and smoldering dark eyes, the energetic trains gave a mythical sheen. He had something of the type that say hero, a vision for the sake into the field and the friend and enemy as to be immune.

The evenings we were together in one of our rooms. The candles were flackerndes twilight. The students sang to the accompaniment of guitars and old folk songs with the time passed and telling jokes.

Only the two princes spoke fluent French, and our younger sister understood what I am to her in this language said. With the doctors I spoke German. The student, Benjamin had a strange ability to understand me too quickly, which is more in my gestures and all sorts of thoughts expressed Lutes to guess. Prince Alexander helped me as an interpreter for the soldiers and also gave me the beginning of actual hours in Russian, after about six months I could help a bit. In the Otriad they called me monsieur,

the soldiers said "Franzus" because I do with the Prince spoke French and because Switzerland for the Russian peasant soldiers too uncertain term meant.

The fact that the railroad is in our immediate vicinity there was, we had almost daily visits to passing officers. Our nearest neighbors were members of a andem ambulance, on the station itself in a number of railway wagons was housed. This Otriad dealt only with the sick and regiments of the same to us their zusandten wounded. They worked on the same principle as we do, which means they also retain their health insurance only temporarily. A Eisenbahnwagen contained the homes of doctors and nurses, it was then be an appropriate number of ambulances attached. The T ransport was combined with that of our wounded by a special Transport-Ambulanzzug worried every day in the station and export. The head of the hospital ambulance was a young doctor and had some students and a large number of sisters of mercy added. Those were all Volontärinnen and came mainly from Poland. Only two Russian girls were very young, and they joined close to us. One was the daughter of a senior official from PetroChina degrees. She was very sympathetic with their peaceful, friendly nature and also full of interest for all, with a broad general education. They brought almost all their free time with us and we often sang old songs with a beautiful voice. Your girlfriend seemed many years younger, although hardly an age difference. But they came away from a city in Russia, on the banks of the Volga and the hall unmiltelbare Vitalität a child's heart, coupled with a vibrant delicacy of feeling. It worked perfectly well and aufopfernd. At the same time, she was happy. It was probably several times a day for us, but only at moments. It was hung on one of our sisters with deep reverence.

The Russian Christmas came up. One evening went to the corps commander, General Mischtschenko with us before. He was the type of a brave Generals of all of Russia. Not big hinkend, following a wound of all, always in a largely floors, impressive by its venerable, beautiful white hair and its simple appearance. His nose was frozen in Manchuria, his mustache was old Kosakenart on both sides of the chin down. His dark eyes flashed vividly under the broad forehead. He spoke slowly and clearly, only Russian. He was very loving-kindness and universally popular.

We walked together after the station building where the soldiers around a large Christmas tree were gathered. The general gave a short speech. We then accompanied him to the church, by our soldiers in a barracks had been improvised. The interior smelled and shone pine branches and candles. An old icon was on the altar. The priest was a simple man of the people with black hair and beard. It was the first Orthodox church service, which I attended, and like the others, I kissed the cross at the end of the service.

The General then traveled from and we returned to the Christmas tree. There, the soldiers danced, sang old songs and were [frohlich]. Caucasian officers danced a sword dance to the sounds of a strange, exciting melody. A wild Cossack [?], proud in his powerful black Papacha, danced and beat incessantly about the tambourine. We are at a table together with many officers and [barmberzigen] sisters. A General was with us, tired and sick appearance, he left the front soon, in order to die at home.

We debates a Christmas tree for our Vewundeten and soldiers. Each was given small gifts, including a handkerchief with all the Allied flags, a gift from the Empress of all soldiers. Several of our people played harmonica and danced the Russian dance, how happy the kids are very happy with dedication instantaneous. The wounded were with glowing eyes, blessed and humble. They wanted us doctors offer their seats. We spoke with them as with children - one of them told old Russian folk tale, clearly and simply as thereupon believed.

Another celebration took us into the headquarters of the division. The general, a high impressive man who received us at the stairs of an old farmhouse. We saw children, under the direction of the ladies from the capital, a play performed, it was all small refugees from the region and war orphans. Then the

officers danced with the merciful sister nuns in their costumes. I looked with interest the peculiar image, the strange faces, some dark, passionate, wild. There was life, ability to communicate the joy throughout to give everything and primitive in primitive conditions and without excesses.

We returned at night through the forest back. Flares and showed us the way the horses. The snow shone. On the horizon wetterleuchteten the enemy headlights.

Another day we drove to the troika for a battery. The hunted kraftigen horses, the coachman fact annoyed after their movements and urged them on. The dishes of the animals had little Glöcklein behangen who sounded happy. Right and left were ice froze in swamps. Small village Chen has been through. The low wooden huts with straw roofs looked like shadows on the white snow. Women and girls in red skirts and green colours brought into the gloomy picture.

Before our Prince Sergius troika led a small sled with two horses. The sled had no seats. Behind the prince was one of the sisters, dressed entirely in black, her head with a black cloth. Prince S. with his long beard, a large Caucasian fur cap, the gold shone in a long coat draped, drove his horses to hurry. It was a fantastic picture: a knight and traveling behind him like a shadow of fate.

We came to the refectory of an old Roman Catholic monastery. They lived the officers of the battery. They surrounded us when we arrived. The old church was half in ruins -- inside the organ played and candles glimmer shone from the open door. We entered. Fraün knelt on the ground. A priest read the fair. The walls were of age tanned, smell incense.

Outside [Entlernung] in some of the church stood a tower. Some steps on the Terrasse and we were in the positions of the infantry. From the [Terrasse] seen from the frozen river of the demolished bridge, on the other side was the enemy. It was the first time that I was in the position, which fascinated me.

The house, inhabited by the officers, was hard on the edge of the terrace. The window panes were smashed by enemy grenade explosions and replaced by wood. The next summer was not a stone of this building left. But the inhabitants of the village behind the church were in danger. But they lived, ate and drank and prayed, as if the threat does not concern them -- in deep misunderstanding of the events, regardless of how the nature of rape against the war.

The chief of the battery was a skilled, elegant officer, his wife was also resistant to come. There were also with us: Petrof, always happy, carefree, lively - was later killed by a bomb - then Mironof, cool, ambitious and rigorous - then Kusmin, a type of Russian officer, seriously, just in words, in a bear Strong health and energy and eisemer in battle.

We discourse, very little work during the first period. In addition to the wounded beschäftigten we are dealing with the anti-typhoid Vaccination whole regiments and the surrounding batteries. This led us in the country herum and we rode and rode on sleds by positions, and I learned to know many officers.

The first seriously wounded, during the winter months came to us. gave me a notion of the resilience of the Russian soldiers. The Georgians were brought to us. wounded by a shell splinter over one eye. The bone was broken and the brain was free. He was operated on and long, the risk of meningitis. He was very agitated, tore the association probably seven to eight times daily from the head and left us a few weeks later healed. Another, a farmer from the south of Russia, with soft, beautiful, blue eyes and blond beard, also made a long period of suffering for us. A shoulder was shattered by a shell splinter, and he was operated on. The wound would not heal. The wounded had daümd high fever, magerte which was pale and weak, and we searched him bereden the arm to sacrifice to save his life. He did not agree. The next day the temperature fell and remained since then normal, so that he soon afterwards, close to the healing, could be transported further.

One day we were led to a soldier who cut through the throat, after he had murdered his NCO. He could barely breathe and was almost pulslos. Our chief surgeon performed a sad duty, operated on

him, made the windpipe cut, stitched the wound and saved his life, so he asked before the court martial and will be shot. I saw how our medical soldiers were good to him and him with reverence those treated before the accident to the Russian heart is proper.

I have written my first impressions, colorful as it passes me vorbeizogen. The priest, the others came to us, told me once in a joyful celebrations: "So far you have not yet seen by the wars." That was the truth: The war stood in the background, we probably saw the enemy at night lights, heard the cannons and saw the wounded. But we also lebten, in primitive conditions, happy, and I sometimes like in a dream. My fellow had already experienced the war, were under fire by burning villages and had ridden on the battlefield to help wounded, and this gave them a superiority over me, and I only had the desire, the whole thing together with them to experience. --

II.

Russian character.

The Doctors, Students, the Sisters, the Prince, the Medical Orderlies.

It is not easy for a newcomer, and especially if the language he still does not know, become acquainted with the system in the Russian psychology. And I needed a long time until I know my surroundings and properly beurteilen learned. There is a word that is common to all European languages, in Russian, but has an additional meaning: it is the word "sympathetic". Sympathetic means a lot - all those lively, pleasant sensations in the favorable impression of an emerging people are busy, but the word also covers all those properties, which the Russian character specifically are congenital; unmittlebare the loving-kindness, the helpfulness of all other, with all the sympathy unfortunate, and those deep Sensibiliät, so peculiarly vacillating is joyful and Badlands of, seemingly without any transition, with all their fervent enthusiasm and I feel that every Russian heart inherent belief in the goodness of the consciousness our own human weakness, Indolenz and the sense of fatalism.

The rapid, very lively changing the superficial feelings, coupled with the absolutely reckless speech, there was only an impression of unstable, but these fluctuations are not present because of the thoughts and feelings, which is purely Unbeständigkeit externally and demonstrates the wealth of the sensations, but not from a lack of character.

The two doctors were not "sympathetic", neither in nor engern indicated above in that broad sense of the word. Dr. Baramovitsch was a good surgeon of great experience and a safe decision, intelligent, he was also Employed, only after the regulations worked and demanded that everything, even the smallest things went according to his will. Outwardly, he was attracted by cheap Vulgarität and sarcasm, though he is in fact not in his nature bese with the people said. But then he is guided by a very bad influence. Shortly before Christmas seemed to us a Pole, dressed in the garb of a merciful sister. She was no longer young and unschon. Your whole personality widespread a cold around them, which may well be at the Bosen expression of their eyes are located. The red hair was artificially gekrauselt and they belonged to those natures, it can not refrain himself on the front face of death perfuming. (Unfortunately, such phenomena on the Russian front is not rare and difficult position of those others, wonderfully devoted nurse.) This woman had her husband, an officer wounded, leave now and followed our doctors here. She was first one weeks as a guest with us and then she traveled from. The doctor asked the prince but, as we set as a sister. This was of course rejected. She returned soon back; generally ignored nistete they are then in a Otriad in the neighborhood one. Dr. B. visited her daily, and brought all his free time with her; naturgemäß turned his full sympathies that Otriad, and the woman took it after a few months

ago concluded, the doctor not to be over there to attend. The alienated ourselves, and how he left us, we felt his departure is not uncomfortable, despite the loss of his work for us was very unfortunate.

The younger doctor had very little to be Russian. He came from the Latvian provinces, but was originally German. He was quite young and still not fully developed, but had decided some surgical talent. Unfortunately, he suffered at great Selbstüberschätzung. Moreover, he had a violent, unverträgliche nature, we are all after him and alienated. Due to its isolation and an innate lack of tact and independent opinion, he was confidentially with people who were under him. After the revolution created some difficulties between us and the Sanitätssoldaten, because this young doctor knew not where he hingehorte and felt compromised. He was not a bad person, but a groundless Halbnatur.

Later joined a doctor to us, shortly after the first battle. She was still very young and came from the south of Russia and had since the beginning of the war at various places in the front worked as a surgeon. Their performances were also excellent for us. She was not shy, but demanded a lot of awareness of life without being disturbed by too many inhibitions to be bound. She had a great desire for recognition and a general sympathy, coupled with a fairly restless Temperament. Once a soldier came to us, who apparently was wounded himself. The doctor, of course, immediately recognized the nature of the wound and reimbursed display. We thought others, that our task as representatives of the Red Cross, was to wounds to connect without thoroughly after researching its causes, and we expressed this view. The doctor gave us fairly, but their professional vanity, she had immediately improved human nature to forget. She could never be a long stay in the same place, and so she followed her and later Brautigam, a Cossack officer, according to the Caucasian front.

The students in Otriad changed quite frequently, and I liked here only to describe the long time we stayed. The Russian student is in the known worldwide, but most of the Jewish revolutionary type, known in Russia itself the least known. The genuine Russian student, the young man who openly before the world sees itself: he is poor, restorative willingly, nothing can live, is begeisterungsfähig for everything. He is full of self-confidence, knows no fear and shares everything he has with his colleagues. He is **generoß**; he will randomly once in the possession of some money, he is able to use the entire amount in the first hours wegzuschenken, or they pay for something beautiful, someone with whom he can prepare a joy. Future, targeting tormenting him; he lives like a young god in his outer poverty, rely on the richness of his inner heart.

Castor and Pollux came from southern Russia and were inseparable friends, although no one really knew what the secret of their friendship was. Castor was a [fine nature, intelligent, modest, shy, tactful and forceful. He was an excellent worker and one never heard an unfriendly word about one of his colleagues come from his lips. Pollux also worked diligently, but was he very talkative but lacked the openness that instilled [unbedingtes] trust. Even our soldiers sensed that and referred to him as the "spy" in the sense of a policeman, certainly without any justification.

A hearty good man was a Baltic baron Ivan. He was a German education and the character, was also in Germany have been at the outbreak of war. He was immediately arrested, thrown into prison and sentenced to death had been suspected of espionage. A neutral diplomat, with whom he was related, rescued him. His brother is now, in an ambulance of the Russian Red Cross has worked, it was suspected of spying for Germany and sent to Siberia. This example shows a picture of the position of the Balts während of war. Our friend was full of sincere goodwill on Russia.

My actual friends were the students Iwgeny and Benjamin. Iwgeny me had brought to the front. He was the son of a priest in Turkestan, the most by his father, his conscience and the inclination, to the inside to live, had inherited. He was the head of the ökonomischen holding our Otriades and had no joy in this work, not suited to, but was necessarily reliable. He had a deep conscience with a propensity for brooding and self-torment. He could not see the smallest injustices, often withdrew from all the back and

spoke hardly a word. Then again, he suddenly had a deep desire to be out. He loved his Dostojewsky and ideal figures. Outwardly, he was rough, but inwardly delicately as a child. His photographs were masterful and their motives were the erschütternden and exciting impressions of the war. He had the desire to experience the war in his whole being and often he wanted to leave us to one of the regiments as a soldier in anzugliedem. Only his devotion to the Prince held him back. His nervousness and the intense nature of his passion tore him sometimes anger outbursts, which overshot the mark and shot himself damaging. Benjamin was quite different. He was the son of an official with the numerous family, studied medicine in Moscow. He had a lot of sense and was gifted in all sorts of things. But he lacked the stamina, all the real work of love. He was very musical, without a proper instrument to play and knew all Russian operas and alten V olkslieder. He was open, kind, generous and loved everything Russian. He was a little despot, loved it, the first to be heated but was there, which led to many conflicts. He also had served as the Lowest immediate attention to the good. That was also the dependancy to the princes boundless. He said it himself: it is like the sun, which makes me blind to everything else.

The first of our nurses in addition to the prince was the most outstanding personality of our Otriades. It was before the wars in two years in a Moscow hospital have been trained. She loved everything about the work, it was nothing too much. Fatigue wished they do not know. She had a wide understanding and love for the character of the Russian people. In the pleasure to organize and to create something new. Their passionate work its will and conscientiousness angstliche combined with a degree of despotism, of itself, and everything just wanted to do. Other independent Fraünnaturen were in contradiction with it advised. It was interested in everything that was met by a deep [Lernbegierde] and knew no prejudice. In quiet moments, she was cheerful and participated in all our jokes participate. Behind the apparent calm of their self-control hid a restless temperament. That made it even sometimes blindly in their sympathies and unfair to others. She was totally fearless under fire with pronounced fatalism. She had dedicated her whole life for the andem for the Russian people.

Her younger companion lacked the strong personality. She was an orphan, stood alone in the world and studied medicine. She had beautiful brown eyes, delicate and was met by that nervosen sensitivity, which requires everything himself and gives little. She was sent in external things, but more superficial, and it used to verwohntes like a child to be treated. That is why she is not so good for our lives and left us for some time.

Later came to us one of the sisters from the Otriad, where the train was stationed. It was purely Russian, she said often that she was sent to the front came as a child and would have been much changed. No doubt she is still in the majority offers a childlike view of life, but combined with a very good character. The lively and delicate feelings of these children expressed their soul always spontaneous, they had to immediately and to nothing, what they enjoyed or somehow oppressed, remained in their Innem. And if they have a passionate moment aufflammte in anger, as the storm was already over, barely after he started. The stormy animation in which they all expressed their wishes and their fulfillment demanded belonged entirely to the selfishness of childhood, but never seemed hurtful. She wanted only the good sides of life and the people see, and that's why she so refreshing to all. She lived but always in a tension-intensive life of all forces, and I often told her: "You are only able to live in Russia, you could not breathe in a different environment." She worked emsthaft and aufopfernd. It was also about the Russian soldiers with his simple soul so close and flößte through its mere presence of those of the battle shook rekindle life.

The dental service has been developed by a doctor, who came from the Cossack country. She had a wide nose, dark skin color, the large dark eyes and the passionate irritability of Cossacks. Initially, she had little trouble in their position at the front of habit, because they came from close Province conditions. Gradually, however, said it was part of the whole.

Prince Sergius, the deputy of Prince Alexander, was a young man in the big world, wanted nothing more than that the whole life of a series of celebrations there. He loved sports, hunting, was amiable, always funny, restless and very unreliable. He played a lot and is pretty high and this nasty habit gave him discomfort to his stay with us discharges.

This peculiar group composed of various characters was summarized in a family through the personality of the Prince Alexander and in a masterly Art Prince Alexander was the soul of our Otriads and indeed one of the best people, to whom I am in life encounters. He was young, no longer then 30 years, owned one of the most historic families in Russia. Unlike many other representatives of the Russian aristocracy, in all their tendencies throughout Western Europe, was Prince Alexander, and through Russian. He admired all the best, which came from the stranger, but held firmly against the Russian, as the best of everything. He said repeatedly he does not love it, outside of Russia to stay and he will soon feel bored. He loved the Russian people, the land, the simple life. He was trained for the administrative service, but did not enjoy it, and unlike his father, a high Würdenträger and supporters of the old regime, was all sympathy of the young princes the people. He often said: The best thing in Russia, it is the people. That did not in all, even in its external appearance, the perfect representative of a noble race to be. That and the purity of his nature, which also on his face reflected, awarded him a special and immediate attraction. He was intelligent, far-sighted, fearless and had a strict sense of duty, himself and all others against. This is not personal ambition, only a aufopfernde love for the country. And even if the deep The fundamental seriousness of his being formed and its trains, especially in difficult times, almost a little sorry end, Asketisches awarded, it was alive but his laughter is the source of our happy life together, and he had the ability to be the simplest pleasures of life immediately and completely give up like a child. They had a lot of irony that never seemed hurtful. The great heart but that he owned was questioned him about all the other members of our Otriades. He thought and worked for the best of each one of us looked at us and the best friend to be. He loved the animals, and it was a pleasure him on horseback to see on the white "Masha," which flew like the wind. Often, he is the life-threatening, and said: I know that I will not be killed.

The relations of the princes of our soldiers have always been excellent. Each of them could go to him on all times of day and to him by his talk about personal concerns. He helped them and showed understanding for all their wishes. Disciplinary measures were very rare. The Prince loved it not to punish and overlooked a number of human weaknesses deep human love. For the soldiers, he stood in high esteem, and those among them who knew him near or in Permanent touch with him stood, was revealed to him with heart and soul, not to mention Wlassof, the ordinance, for his master an almost religious veneration felt.

The spirit was patriarchal. The soldiers looked at her like a prince's father, according to the humble, simple way of thinking, then so characteristic of the Russian people was. I have the same train also often seen in the relationship between higher officers and soldiers. Even the simple soldier spoke with his General from person to person, with reverence, but without shyness, the General again spoke like a father, simply, purely human, and without a sense of its dignity something to forgive.

Our medical soldiers formed two groups. Some worried engern in the medical sense: they brought the wounded from the positions, they helped us at Federation Square and the Association of rooms and nursed the wounded and sick. The other deals with the horses and transport service. Moreover, a number of artisans among them: carpenters, locksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, etc. They were all men aged 30 to 40 years, some over 40, just under 30 Some were former officers. She received the degree of their respective sold by 75 kopecks to 7 rubles per month, each of them had any addition to employment, with which he could earn something.

Her boss, the Andreef constable, was a cheerful man with the tradition of an old, brave soldiers. He had a healthy and harsh verdict sense of duty and demonstrated these qualities in the necessary moment. The soldiers loved him but not very. They gave him a despot.

His deputy was Krupenin. That was a man of superior intelligence and character, not his skills possessed appropriate education and safe in a free country, like ours, is becoming a major position emporgearbeitet had. He had the courage of his convictions even against a majority. In this perfect independence, he was outwardly calm, modest and kind. He had a beautiful face with dark skin color and big, brown eyes.

Koseref responsible for the feeding of the horses had to make, was a man who fools sovereign contempt. Selber wise, clever, while cumbersome, indolent, and full of humor.

Gartschagin was a beautiful type of Russian peasants: big, wide of stature, the wise head surrounded by a brown beard, with bright, seriously sighted eyes. He once suffered a fatal disease, but was only with difficulty be kept in bed because of illness earlier he did not know her and she from his innate mental health do not recognize wanted out. I saw it again later the same man weep bitter tears over the death of an illness suddenly died young soldiers. He was religious, talked little, and maintained the wounded and sick with touching care.

Wlassof was the ordinance of the prince, he was at peace waiter in one of the first restaurants in Moscow. He also served at the table. He united in his character and some good moving train of the Russian people. He thought about life and knew the sufferings of the Russian people and also the dichotomy in the interior. He admired the prince as the best man, he had encountered in life. He was a patriot, read the daily newspapers and was happy about any good news. For the government, he had no confidence. He said: "We love you to write and write and in the end nothing happens." He was abergläubisch and religios at the same time. His only weakness was that his grief sometimes by drinking too betauben examined. That was rare before and after two to three days of reflection loose again over. Outwardly, he was a small, shy man who was aged and always plucking at his short, gray mustache.

Galzof, my orderly, was a man of about 40 years, kraftig built and suitable for any heavy physical work. He had primitive views about life and made a difference between people "who know something" and ignorant, which he described as fools, and to whom he paid himself. Moreover, he said: "There are people who have money, why did I have none?" Once he sold his right to leave for 35 rubles to a Kameladen. Here and there he offered things for sale to which he had found somewhere, but he was by no means dishonest. At his former police work, so he by his comrades had to suffer a lot, even reminding his rough style, to order people to stop and the upright posture and the spähende view. I told him that in England, the police profession no shame and its representatives were the friends of the people. From then on he always said, after the war, he will be with me to England.

Lubetzky, another ordinance, was in his appearance very little ingratiating; thick and plump with a round head and half of Äuglein small Listigem, half idiotic expression. Here he was lazy and curious. He had the devotion of the faithful dog to his master, the youngest surgeons, and this train that is just as primitive expressed his faults, was the best thing about him. His main pleasure was to play the mandolin. He could spend hours with the instrument in his arms in the open air or in the kitchen and sitting monoton always hit the same string without melody, happy in himself and his art absorbed.

Skablanof came from a large hotel in Moscow and was our cook, who made exquisite, if he wanted to give an effort. But he loved it not make an effort, and its foreign appearance betrayed that he was most comfortable when he is good to eat and drink had. Like all good cooks, he was unclean and a despot. He loved it, private "shops" to make his pockets filled. As part of his selfishness, he was then in the general good-natured. He loved long before the Revolution, wild stories of barricades and tyrants blood. And though he did give the impression as if nothing was sacred, but knew he was later to

distinguish between the demagoguery of a wrong character in our Otriad and the pure spirit of Prince Alexander and gave himself entirely to the better feeling out, not about himself geruhrt to be.

Truss looked after the horses of the princes. He was younger as most of our soldiers, blond, slender, fresh, intelligent and brave. You could use it for good and dangerous jobs, and he would have been conceived as a deep disgrace, even to fail. He showed his love for the warm Good spontaneously and was one of those natures, in the literal sense of the word go through fire for a man, they love. The education he had suffered from stress and his lack of knowledge. He was mostly happy, then again aher melancholy, pondering a veranlagter rich man with a golden heart and a prachtiger type of Russian soldiers.

In association room worked on three main men. The best of them was Rotkin, a peculiar character. He had a pale, pleasant face, was very precise in his work and generally calm and friendly. His self-consciousness, however, far exceeded its ruling power and just because he is the absolute righteousness of his being a good representative of his stand was, he later developed an idiosyncratic, unertraglichen party fanatics. His two companions were his true friends, Dwaretzky, the neurasthenic with constant stomach pain and a gentle voice, a more efficient worker, but not quite open in character, then Balaschof, good-natured, slightly tempered and a small spit citizens.

The Jewish pharmacist Lekar me was from the beginning unsympathetic. His pale face with the high white forehead sparlichen among black hair, with the stabbing unsettled eyes, could not smile, and the hämischen, constantly moving mouth, had something uncanny. Once he stood before the accusation of negligent homicide. With a solid the soldiers had any liquor brewed with his help. A bottle of this beverage is now was in the pharmacy next to a bottle Carbolsaure, which had approximately the same color. A soldier came into the pharmacy, out of print in the bottle and died as a result of the poisoning. Lekar indictment came in the state, but was hardly punished due to the vigorous personal mediation of Prince Alexander. Another time, there appeared an army command that all the Jews without further in the front service should occur. Lekar appeared trembling before the Prince Alexander and asked him for his mediation. And despite the cowardice of the man the prince was disgusting, he is still related to him and kept it. In other tat lekar its services are not bad if he always played the Lord. He was smart and that issue. His pharmacy however, formed the center for all the gossip and all the Otriad Intrigue. They looked at us and he also the sisters and students to flatter compared with the other medical soldiers, he played the "intelligent" to the ignorant and treated them half patronisierend, half contemptuously.

Two men were working in the kitchen for our wounded and sick. Minäf, a pale, thin little soldier with dark face, pflichttreu, industrious and honest, is a passionate socialist fanatic, blind and ignorant, therefore dangerous. Savin His companion was young and slightly tuberculosis. He had beautiful, large, luminous eyes, the fatalism of his soul reflected. He said: "As to my health and my life then, and tomorrow I'm dead at home lives a young woman. Maybe I come back here and find children who not from me. What to do? She is young." That was laughing and crying at the same time.

"Uncle Kostia", a [behäbiger] farmer, worried the whole laundry for the wounded and sick and had to be that professions gehorende [Schwatzhaftigkeit]; he was friendly and always on the winning side in every conflict linden.

We had six so-called Feldscherer, ie. medical soldiers, who had a course through which they qualified, first medical aid exercise and we helfen. They supervised us in the Medical Service of the remaining soldiers. Mitäf was the best of them, always quiet and reliable and good heart. Schebaef was very conscientious and sacrifice fahig, - he was the head of a revolution Grüblers and helped him to darken. Jurief was an innocent soul, weak, talented, but very carefully - the three others were strange shapes. Grigorief was horribly ugly, small, with struppigem Bart, who grew up everywhere, not where he belongs, and schielend on both eyes. He felt his dignity and treated his comrades as well as the very sick

from the top down. I always had the impression, as if he were able to do anything, and a born "creature" was. His comrades called him significantly, "Rasputin". Ledkof, a small man with a cunning Äuglein was public singer and poet by profession. Later, he developed a new talent, the "political Streber." He stayed for a truly born intellectuals, although his ruling and lack of knowledge. The health service also suffered because of this talent for "ideas".

Aprosimof, the youngest of them was totally unreliable in his service, but his feline behenden movements, the tone of his voice, the mine game with a sense of scale of servility and involuntary pathos reizten always laugh so that he could not bese. He was a musician by profession. Once we had two sources of his private income clog. He drove medical practice, the villagers and at the same time he advertised for repair of damaged and musical instruments required for each of these activities high fees.

We had three letters in our office. He was gifted by them Solokatka, in addition to his service constant studied and prepared for an exam, allowing him to study at the University befähigte. He was ambitious, ruthless, calculating, and closed, while good-natured and loved the sport. Outspoken proletarians by its origin, he belonged by his intelligence to the new generation for which the Revolution beengenden all barriers [niederriß] and a goal that they are undertaking has probably also achieved. His staff Brasolof and Nicolaez were brave men and loyal to us.

I have only a few types out and could continue with descriptions. I learned most of these men know, understand and love and they took me, a stranger, with joy to me and did much sake. Many of them had been involved in any way to their own printing experience on the Russian people weighed. And although the war from their loved ones and the usual work force had removed, as they fulfilled their duty without a murmur and lived together in a happy community and a deep respect for her Lord. They worked during the fighting with a moving dedication to their unfortunate comrades from the positions. Everyone of them was in the bottom of our hearts the feeling that there is no nation on earth were the better as the Russian.

III.

A trip to Moscow.

Spring on the front, an accident.

Migration and life in the new

Environment.

The student had Benjamin Moscow in February after traveling service matters, and since we only had very little work, the Prince allowed me to work with him to drive. Our stay there lasted only a few days and we went back to the front, enriched with a general impression of that unique city with its strange mixture of venerability - old and modern. The melodies of Russian operas, which we have heard for a long sounded in his ears. Some pictures I have stayed.

One evening we were at the Prince Yuri, the former chief of our Otriades. He had a touching devotion to keep our ambulance and took keen interest in everything that our lives are concerned. Since our Otriad from Moscow was organized and our sanitary then had their home, there was a constant traffic between Moscow and us. The House of Prince Yuri formed the center from which all orders have been completed. He was in constant correspondence with the prince Alexander. Its simple openness and kindness that made his lively eyes said, I was immediately caught. The princess wore through its beauty and gracious, lively interest they showed us, to the evening to a constant reminder to be pleasant for you. In one room hung a picture of the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaiewitsch and the Prince showed me a small

portrait gallery of Russian generals from the Napoleonic campaign, and a golden sword of a George-Knight, his great-grandfather from the same era.

We visited the Kremlin on the first day of our arrival, and I will never forget the impression that the center of the Holy Old Russia made on me. It was a beautiful day complete with snow and cold and golden sun. Women, old people and children, soldiers, pilgrims and Monks went on and off. I looked at those palaces, cathedrals and monasteries, which glowed from white, gold and red in their monumental, mittelalterlich-oriental religious architecture. I felt small in view of the sublime beauty of this sanctuary of the Russian people. It was me, when I saw the old czars in their splendid robes over the place riding in the midst of a crowd, in front of them on his knees and threw bekreuzigte, then I saw the procession disappear in one of the cathedrals, and it seemed to me, when I heard the hymns and the pure sound of the bell bright. The glory that has the whole picture, was the soul filled with jubilation and awe, and as I zurücksah down on the city on the banks of the river with the many old and new churches, because I understood that the whole city and the whole Russian aufblickt people to the holy Kremlin as a symbol of the immense power of the past Russia and expectant. The dark interior of the old cathedral with the old Tsarist Grüber was filled with secrets, and the kneeling faithful to the holy kissed golden images, and the priests in their shimmering costumes presented testimony from a still living tradition. I had not felt that now, two years later, the ignorant people of unselig not Russian empfindenden Judas natures, who will be driven, to dissolve in a wild chaos and anarchy, with the "doomsday" and looks similar to me, as the Kremlin would have thousands of voices with the cry:

Boje spassi Rossiju.

In the Tretiakofsky - Gallery I also saw those beautiful Kramskoy of Christ, a Russian with a Christ thinkers forehead, is wehrend against despair, it lonely in the desert covered by the suffering of the human mind. Just as the finest Russian heart now suffering in the desert, in which the human animal in the present Russia has transformed.

During our absence from the front had the transition from winter to spring occurred suddenly and as if by magic. The snow was gone and water covered the broad curses. The sun was already hot and humid air was full of spring fragrances. The roads were ungangbar, almost to the horses. Even the people reawakens. The soldiers raved in the woods, sang songs, cheerful and sad. Sometimes, when the series after the long positions and moved between the fir forests disappeared, so did'm sorry for her. Her song sounded like a "Hail Caesar, Morituri te salutant". Were they happy soldiers, like their comrades in the allied countries into the war drew in the minds of their holiest goods to defend, or were there willenlose slaves, by a capricious. uncertain gefuhrt hand into the unknown and have been sacrificed? Back then, I have no such issues. Well, the sad memory of the withdrawal and the fallen, with stones and sticks that had defended against the formidable enemy of all armed reminder. I was in Petrograd but said: "At the front one is optimistic, confident all the officers on the victory, but the people has no confidence." And yet we heard a few months later by the censor our staff corps of soldiers letters that contained the following: "Now we can no peace, which would lead to a new war. We must endure and trust." So wrote one of our soldiers medical aid to his wife.

The train station in our immediate vicinity daily swarmed by soldiers and officers. In a large shed was served tea to the soldiers. Children playing in the sun, farmers led heavy wagons loaded with food for the horses after the positions. Sometimes passing a squad of prisoners. It was a colorful picture. The sun was warm and the landscape was a peculiar beauty. The forests of fresh glowed green, the surrounding swamps were turned into large water areas in which the sun and blue sky reflected, in between small islands stood up from the mainland, which were larger every day. This vast lakes shone in

all colors; the evening when the sun was setting, and at night the moon was a magical sheen on them. As was the world and life!

Every day, twice Airplane appeared hostile and threw bombs at the nearby village or at the railway station itself, usually without any damage. We saw them and usually happy to let us know if the Schrapnels the Russian Artillerie nearby burst. Once during a walk by the bombs fell close to us, and we were called to a soldier who was taken. As he lay hingestreckt, pale and motionless, with only a very small wound on the back, killed.

One morning we were hingestreckt in the grass in the forest and warmed ourselves in the sun. An Aeroplan purred over our heads. He came from the station B., the approximately a half hour train ride away. We did not sense that he had the death into our ranks all the discounts. After several hours, appeared suddenly disturbed Truss with mine and said: "An accident has happened. A bomb from a Aeroplan is on the station as fallen. Some of our sanitary, the return from vacation, have been taken." We all rushed home. They waited on the sanitary us that the accident had heard Embassy and her facial expression showed their sad feelings. A man who was himself included, still half-stunned by the shock, told a railway carriage, which was just ready to run, and how his comrades were in was hit by a bomb and had been smashed. Twelve people were killed and among them three of our Sanitary, including the wife of Lubetzky, which was driven with them. A fourth of our sanitary was badly wounded. This was the first time that the war directly to the death of our Otriad it had worn and, strange coincidence, it was the same day, at which one years ago an unset people had poisoned.

We were all very moved, and the face of the prince took those suffering expression, which he was intrinsically difficult time. We put on the table and in contrast to the lively bustle of the other days, it was still difficult and no one said a word. The restless students walked up and down. The prince and the students Iwgeni Benjamin and then drove in the afternoon to S.

They arrived late at night and had everything arranged for the transport of the dead to us, so that they could be buried here. The badly wounded during the day also died. The corpses were the following day aufgebahrt in a tower, which belonged to the station. Two of them had smashed the skull, one arm was torn down. All four were black and almost unrecognizable. Their comrades were in the interior of the tower and bekreuzigten and brought flowers. We also looked fresh pine branches and flowers for a wreath, the evening we were made.

The funeral was held on the third day instead. It was a beautiful spring day and full sunshine. The procession continued around noon on the move from the station after the cemetery. It was led by the priest, not our old friends, but to a still unknown young man with long, blond hair and a beard and glasses. He wore a purple coat and hat. Then his accomplice, a soldier with a monk pale face, he wore the incense vessel. This was followed by the choir, which our medical soldiers formed by the gentle, monotonous dead sang hymns. They went to the four fir, white with a black cross painted coffins Orthodox forward by their comrades were worn. Immediately followed by the prince, as the first victim, with the sword on the side and barhaupt. To him, we all of us and then the sisters from the outpatient department of the railway train. Soldiers from the neighborhood, peasants, women with young children in her arms. Eben rode a train to our station and the soldiers who stood at the Wagenfenstem, took their hats and bekreuzigten several times. The cemetery was not far away, he had no fence, and consisted of regularly arranged graves of fallen soldiers. Unadorned, simple wooden crosses chopped up and stood over here and there a crescent on the grave of a Tartarischen soldiers. We had a great sanitary grave geschaufelt for the four coffins and we were all there is. The prince had his head slightly lowered and held the hand on the sword - it was like an image from ancient times -. All around were our soldiers and their medical simple Bäurngesichter with the low forehead, gefurcht by grief, looked into the grave. After the singing of hymns and prayers, which are all present at the knees settled, the priest gave a speech and

talked of retaliation and revenge. Still and all around was the beautiful surrounding countryside, new soldiers joined us, and women and children. Everyone of us knew that it was possible that tomorrow the same lot with one or other of us could ereilen and Russian fatalism stooped in front of the fate and God - it was around the sun and prosperous life. Upon completion of the service have increased some soldiers in the grave and lowered the coffins. Then the prince took a handful of earth and threw them into the grave. Then came our soldiers before ambulance, one after the other, and did the same and bekreuzigten itself. A friend of the deceased went around and collected in his cap for the widows and orphans, and each of the men were simple, what he could.

These **Totenfeier** was impressive in its simplicity and the unity of feeling. And so I felt separated by language, education and **Sion** of my surroundings, but so were my feelings at that time and the same. So the people have had many hundreds of years before their deaths buried and do it again with the same thoughts and feelings.

Later on was that divide is large wooden Orthodox cross in the old style with a small screen and a saint inscribed in altslavischen letters, which the students were Benjamin hineingebrannt with the names of the deceased, and that of a bomb from a hostile Aeroplan were killed. Prince Yuri visited the grave when he came to us Easter. Soon after those sad days, we received a command to draw other places. The regiment, which we received the wounded had been pulled in different positions and we should follow him. One morning continued the long caravan of our Otriads in motion, for the three doctors and students on horseback, the sisters in a wagon and the soldiers on foot, then all the transporters of the wounded and the carts of luggage, materials, instruments and equipment, tents, etc.

It was a grey, damp morning, before we slowly penetrated between meadows and pine forests, through large villages, sometimes in grey, sandy bottom. We passed a large country house where the staff of our army corps resided. Later, we met on our way also traces of old battles. At a grove of the clearing was an old church. Our soldiers were Sanitätshaus a bowed their heads before the [Heiligenbildern and crossed themselves. Nearby stood a small village with low wooden barracks. The old village was burned down six months earlier, the ground was still black and charred trees towered düster upwards.

A forest took us, and we saw hundreds of trees fragmentation grenades, while others showed impacts of balls. Last October there was an attack had taken place and the enemy had been [discarded. Between the trees you could see small, hastily produced, opposite each other trenches.

At night, we reached our destination, a small village. The site commander, the head of the park, ie. transport of artillery ammunition Division, welcomed us and showed three houses and that we were made available. We were there the night. Our sanitary camped on a vast field behind a home in common with the soldiers of the park.

The day started [nächstens us up. The sanitary settled in a small grove outside the village to set up a camp there with huts made of twigs and tents and lived there in the happy shadow of high pines and beeches.

One of the three houses has become a center for us. It contained the furniture from the apartment of a priest of the area, even a piano. A small room was flat for the sisters determined. In addition, we have all lived in tents, in the small garden behind the house that were built.

A large organization and operation room was quickly re-established under the leadership of our head nurse, also a room for the wounded, another for the sick. During our stay we were yet another house instructed that we consider to certain infectious diseases.

The village was small and unimpressive - now filled with fresh soldiers lives. The soldiers of the parka and our friends were sanitary. The houses were usually large and not as dirty as in the surrounding villages. There was no church there, of a school not to mention -- -- a simple large wooden cross stood in

the middle of the village and a Glöcklein was attached: that was the only external symbol of church life. The residents were all related to each other and usually had the same name. Among them were men who never in their lives over the two nearest villages came out, and others who for years had worked in America and could speak English.

The prince agreed immediately after our arrival with the commander of the regiment, whose reserve in the nearest village in the immediate vicinity of the positions was quartered. The first wounded were already on the second day very early in the morning. Two soldiers were with their own grenades injured. They were both desperate cases: a whole leg was shattered, the other had serious internal injuries. Both were operated on immediately, but died after several hours.

The regiment doctors visited us every now and then. We were later often with great difficulty, because the boss was very stubborn and, as he himself openly acknowledging that much interested in Medicine. He was clumsy and rather blunt. He brought us to the sick in the village of C., by the regiment was busy and it was there typhoid, malaria and tuberculosis. The farmers lived in extreme poverty and hunger close together in [erstickender air. It was a scene of almost hopeless sadness, that I could get used to slow. We isolated the typhoid patients, and the other we gave food and medical care. One day I was in a lonely house in the middle of the forest called the guardians of the forest belonged. The sight of me there darbot was extremely sad. In the angle of a dark room on a bed was a man with his wife, covered with dirty rags and black flies. The faces were mistaken, disfigured by the fever, the heavy and flabby limbs. The medical [stohnten just quietly. Two children were in the opposite corner, tainted with the same disease: the typhoid. The house was inhabited by 28 souls, mostly refugees, all with their children off and received in the room in which the patients were. No one had been about them and we would not accidentally in the neighborhood came, would have the disease after this house depopulated. About 20 Verstappen away there was a clinic for infectious diseases. We transported the patients there and the house was disinfected. Later, however, diseased forest rangers and even his mother and both succumbed to the fever. How many thousands of war refugees in Russia in those years, died under similar circumstances. The single human life was nothing more. And it was not only dull, freudlose people who were so used as abandoned animals, but also people who loved life previously had all the human misery felt, and children whose lives had not yet tapped.

One evening they brought us 18 wounded. They were all from the same grenade has been taken. The wounded stöhnten loud. The priest came and took the confession of two dying from. We tried our hardest, first, the suffering to help and worked until late in the morning.

I remember especially two wounded from that period. One of them, a proud Georgians with beautiful features, had a brain injury that robbed him the language. He knew a few words of the Russian language. He was operated on [zünachst he was a little better, then disappeared his consciousness more and more every day. In death as he stood, a marble image of a brave soldier on the sarcophagus like a king. - Another had a gaping wound in the middle of the chest, right next to the heart. He could hardly breathe when he came to us, but then recovered slowly and sat outside on his grave in the sun. He had a beautiful Russian face with a dark beard and gentle eyes: a simple man full of humility and gratitude, from whose lips one never heard a complaint, taking a courageous soldier, whom the officer has been frequently visited.

One evening they brought us a seriously wounded officer. A shell fragment had torn open his abdomen and our intention to him by an operation to rescue, had to be abandoned immediately. We were with him when he died, one of the sisters, myself, and his orderly, a bleeding man with a young child's face, who knelt beside the grave with tears and his master called. This young man, a lonely child, snatched from the home village, had in the wild war in his father found the Prince, to whom he [aufblickte - (so many Russian soldiers had yet this train) - the father, he was snatched. The officer

suffered [gräßlichen pain that we tried to alleviate as best as was possible. His face was distorted, when he said: "Twice already, they have to kill me [[wol1en, now it has succeeded - oh, the Germans." It was the first time that I am a dying man to the hatred against the enemy was.

This bleak image of sickness, wounds, and death showed us what we lived and formed the backdrop to our serious interest in this small peaceful village. We were also happy and beautiful hours. This Easter, the highest Russian festival joy, we celebrated there. On Good Friday, we rode all the village to C. Mass. The church was a large barracks by the soldiers of the regiment was erected. The interior was decorated with pine branches, the altar in the background was an elaborately carved wooden lattice disconnected. Primitive Holy pictures in bright colours emitted in the candlelight. The church was filled by barhäuptigen soldiers in their long coats. Even the officers were present and with them the commander Colonel Selsky with his energetic and good, serious Russian face. Everyone in attendance held a candle in her hand, which, according to the ritual, and rekindled [ausgeloscht was. A chorus of soldiers sang hymns. The interior of the church was damp and cold, penumbral, was outside, and rain storm and you heard nearby enemy shell bursts in the swamps. All of us were gathered there, knew that soon, perhaps the time had come, in all our forces were tense, and the soldiers knew that they might soon the enemy could be brought forward. Nevertheless, the wife of the party above all others and the Russian heart [innewobnende feeling of worship.

On Easter Day itself was with us instead of a religious service. A large tent had been set up on a large meadow in the forest. Around it were our [sanitary small fir trees. The priest blessed the altar, situated next to the Easter dishes and changed with each of the three faithful Easter kisses - a procession around the tent around the worship service ended. The prince kissed each of his soldiers and medical aid was again kissed them, as each officer did the same with his subordinate soldiers. The spring was there with the sun and heat, the forests and meadows perfume wonderfully refreshing.

A few days later, we received the visit of the Prince Yuri of Moscow. His Anhänglichkeit to let him Otriad no rest, he would once again in our midst, and for a few days of our lives. We rode him and at the request of Prince Alexander, all on white horses. We met Prince Yuri's car in the middle of the forest. The Prince wore the old uniform of the Red Cross. The welcome was very warm. We surrounded him and escorted him back to us. Prince Yuri was Prince Alexander as a deep love for all Russian. His ardent patriotism drove him to a few months later as a volunteer to join an artillery battery. He was then 33 years old and a "grand" in the best sense of the word. He had a strong sense of authority and loved no contradiction, was also easily excitable, but of great kindness. He then dealt with the organisation of a non-belonging to the Red Cross relief association for the wounded and also belonged to a commission for ammunition production. The prince was in contact with a number of leading men of that era and knew a lot of interesting to tell. He knew all the Intrigue to the imperial throne around. And although real, Old Russian aristocrat with rich land and the temperament to be a Mr. nature, but the prince had revolutionary ideas, a real Russian character.

How [verlebten] cheerful days with him, rode to the different batteries in the region, visited with him the position of the regiment and touched in the country around. I remember a walk through forests and meadows close to the positions. As the sun set, we reached a small hill overlooking the village of C. of the forest. The sky glittered in all colors, light mist rose from the swamps on and began to hide the air. In the village we saw the colorful life of the soldier, who danced to the sounds of harmonica. Girls with colorful skirts and headscarves stood there. Suddenly, the soldiers agreed to bid on the evening and then the old anthem of the Czars to Heile. From time to time shuddered the air by a cannon shot, we heard the hiss of the grenades in the air and then the muffled sound of the explosion in the distance. Prince Yuri had previously asked me: "Why did you come to Russia?" I answered him only now, as I heard the songs,

the soldiers in the village sang old Russian songs. "To hear, see and feel, I came." The prince understood me and his eyes brightened.

One day we invited the officers to a flag in the Weihe C. submits a village. We were received in the house that was inhabited by the regimental. The corps commander and division chief were also present. The flag was spread on a table. An officer after another came before and suggested a new one. Then we all went to a wide field and defiled the troops there with the old flag. It was a solemn moment, when a group of soldiers, led by an officer, the old flag and the new abbrachte won, and then the priest was consecrated. The corps commander General then presented the flag to the regiment, which aims to [Treüid] made. The sun was at the cloudless sky and the white and light blue flag. One side, the initials of the czars in the imperial crown, which the other image of Christ. This means that God and the Tsar. That was the faith and it was the war in the heart of the Russian soldiers sanctified. And as a belief that he was snatched because of the Russian soldier was expelled from the empires of the mind, and red and black flags took him against the sinking.

The Supreme Regiment was on this occasion of the golden sword of St. George for his bravery award. We participated in a banquet of the officers. It was a colorful picture of strange faces and figures from all regions of Russia. It was blond, Nordic types among them, and dark, Southern Caucasians with black eyes and hair. Many were quite young, and other gray with a lot of scars. There were kind, smiling faces, still very childish, then proud, and finally sealed wild, harsh, even cruel. There were faces, which recalled the heroes of old myths. And then I asked myself: How will the men of this country in a hundred years? Some of those officers sometimes came to us, there was P., a hard despot with a narrow forehead and black eyes, then a young hot-blooded Georgians, awarded the [Georgshreuz]. Then Prince Baratow also Caucasians with oriental, diverged trains and blue eyes. Furthermore, there was a young officer, by all loved and respected for its achievements and because of his modesty and subtlety of his being with a girl named.

To be played in our lives from work and occasional celebrations. It was a nice, quiet time. We durchstreiften the area, looked after the sick and neighboring villages on disputed land. At home we lived quietly and saw only a few guests. We came up with a small garden in front of the house, digging the earth around, planted flowers, yellow lilies, which flourished in the swamps, sunflower, Marguerite and cornflowers. The prince himself loved this work very much and spurring us on. It was the love of the Russian soil in the vast and rich country, which the prince, the students and also each of the soldiers was jointly. The deep connection with nature is the Russian character of the good and simple.

The scenery was beautiful: there were wide pine forests, sometimes wild, jungle with marshy ground, interspersed meadows, marshes usually dark green and covered with flowers, especially nice if the landscape in the horizon under a bright evening sky untertauchte. Storks searched there and the food lärmten frogs in the evening. The sun was sometimes brennennd and the sky is dark blue. The evenings were cool. We were sitting outside in the garden in the moonlight or a lamp, the Gramophone played from Russian operas, and songs. The soldiers had the parka with our associates to be singing and dancing, in between the cannons hammered sometimes. Rockets and lights in the sky twitched. It was beautiful and strange, because we were always aware that this peaceful life could suddenly be transformed into something horrible by the proximity of the war.

IV.

The Otriad During the Fighting.

The Brussilow Offensive erfolgte. The early victories were daily passed on to us by the Telegraohisten, who was quartered in the village. Often times the soldiers would shout a hearty

“Hurrah” during the night. An immeasurable sense of joy and excitement was felt by all. A new life had begun: a general feeling of tension and anticipation became lebendig. Large groups of Cossacks rode through the village with [eigenartiger, lively music. They themselves were wild figures with looks over their [Stirn, caps positioned crookedly over their right ear, the [verwegenen faces, armed with lances, and riding ruthlessly like centaurs. Everywhere generals appeared unexpectedly and the troops were [bewegt]. On the other hand, the enemy showed signs of nervousness. One day he sent a thousand shells against our small sector of the front lines alone. Often we would see plumes of smoke ascending in the distances from the villages that the enemy had set ablaze. One day the metallic sound of heavy artillery exploding was closer than we were accustomed to and we saw plumes of smoke in the direction of the village C., which was occupied by our regiment. Our students hurriedly mounted their horses. All of us wanted to head over there, but the Prince had the [Muhe to restrain us. Later that evening, we did end up going there. On the way we encountered refugee women and children, as well as a few soldiers. The latter had been kept behind in the village and suddenly the house in which they had been staying was struck by a shell. We soon also came across an ambulance wagon from the regiment. An old woman lay in it, but fortunately she was only slightly wounded, although [betaubt from the experience. Half of the village had been wiped out. Seventeen shells had accomplished something that had no military purpose, succeeding only in making the villagers homeless. There were no additional wounded or dead. The old farmers, women and children went into the woods where they set up tents and [Laubhuetten. Two days after the incident we saw women standing by (auf) the still smoldering rubble of their homes’ with hens in their arms, which they had collected. We felt their sadness no doubt deeper than they themselves did.

Shortly afterwards the rumour was that we were going to leave. A battle was going to take place. One day the Prince returned from the Army Corp headquarters and said: “Tomorrow we leave. An attack is scheduled. Several days from now an attempt to cross the canal at the village of B. will be made. I have seen the entire plan and have already agreed with the General as to the location/position that we should occupy.” The Prince was very serious, but still in a good mood. Already that [jenem] troops began to move through our little village to the new positions. The following morning, the park left us and the little village became quiet. We followed that afternoon. The Prince us [vorangeritten] and after a three hour ride our caravan reached the [end of the] forest just after sunset. Before us lay a broad valley in which there was a large village, where churches were visible. Aeroplanes passed overhead and in the distance glowed a column of fire from another smaller village. Our train had to remain at the forest edge and was allowed only after nightfall closer to the village, which by then was being bombarded. We alone rode into the valley and stopped by one of the first houses in which a battery surgeon, with whom we were acquainted, was residing. Here we spent the night, sleeping on straw mats on the ground.

It rained the following morning. Along with Benjamin, the Prince rode to the positions and from there showed him the place where our aid station should be established. Thirty of our people followed and began with the work of doing so.

It was a [dusterer], dreary day. Heavy rain clouds hung in the sky and the wind blew over the wide fields, cold and wet. The large village was desolate and abandoned. Only a few women and children still lived there, [verschuechter (?) and hidden in individual houses that previously [entgangen were by enemy artillery. Many houses were completely destroyed and others had damaged roofs, shattered windows and [Risse. Soldiers had quartered their horses in the houses and their heads peered out from the empty darkness of the open windows. The two churches, however, the Russian Orthodox and Roman Catholic, were intact. From a small hill we looked over to the enemy’s positions. But one of our soldiers called out to us that we should distance ourselves because the enemy immediately begins to fire when someone is observed.

In the meantime, our train had settled into a small woods behind the village, on an old Jewish cemetery containing [seltsame] shaped grave markers with Hebrew inscriptions. The stones were distributed in an disorderly manner between the pine tree roots. In the fields around us were the pale bones of abandoned animals that had starved to death. A [Meute masterless dog made the area unsafe and would howl at night. The roads/paths had become softened and muddy. The whole area was dreary. At night one first noticed life. Batteries rolled to their new positions and infantry regiments arrived. The village itself [beherbergte only soldiers, a divisional headquarters, and a variety of train units. Those soldiers that one encountered looked [forschend and with [gespannter Entschlossenheit] into ones' unfamiliar face. We waited a number of days and lived in an old [dusterer] house, which had belonged to a Jewish family that had fled. The windows had been replaced with wood boards because the panes had been shattered by exploding bombs. An unexploded aerial bomb still lay in the garden behind the house. In addition we found on the same side of the village still two rooms that were hurriedly converted into dressing stations.

A number of days passed before we finally learned one morning that the attack would take place. We rode to the Verbandplatz that had in the meantime been established by our Sanitare. The road/path to it in part passed through open land, which had no cover and was often shelled (this is something that we experienced). A few shells impacted not far from us to our left. The horses hielten distance and were rode at a scharfem Trab. Later we found a road/path that had some cover and during the fighting could be used by our transport wagons. We reached the edge of a small wooded area that wimmelte with soldiers and in a few minutes we arrived at the Verbandplatze. That was in a small opening in the small woods through which the path to the front lines passed. Our Sanitar had constructed an Unterstand. A deep hole (?) had been dug into the ground and with numerous layers of soil and tree branches covered. The walls had been covered by white sheets and in one corner hung an old Christbild - for protection and Trost for the wounded. The big table stood in the middle and on the walls stood the Kaesten with the Verbandzeug. To the right and left of the Unterstand were two more of this kind of Hoehlen, which were to receive the wounded before they could be transported further. A tent had also been erected on the other side of the road/path, in which work was also done during the battle. Behind, and to the right and left of this Verbandplatz were Russian batteries. The path/road between us and the infantry positions was marked with Red Cross signs. We were only a few minutes distant from the canal, and separated by only about 1,100 paces from the enemy. There we were to serve for the two regiments and the surrounding batteries. The commander of one of the regiments came to inspect our Verbandplatz. He was a large, [knochiger man with a Brille and energetic Zueges. His voice was quivering with excitement when he said: "For all these months I have observed the enemy's side of the canal and should I be wounded tomorrow, I will make my way in that direction on crutches."

The rest of the day passed peacefully, but indeed we were excited. That evening we learned that two Jewish soldiers had deserted to the enemy, no doubt to betray all of the plans. The Prince determined who from us would the next day go to the positions and who would remain at the village. The young surgeon, one of the Sisters, two students and the Prince himself left that evening along with thirty of the Sanitare, taking the path/road to the positions. A change was anticipated for the next evening so that each of us could have the Gelegenheit to have the same experience. It was a eigentuemliche moment, this Trennung before the unknown; we were all moved. Late that evening I went with Wachtmeister Andreef to the Jewish cemetery, and he told me of earlier battles. And then in the stillness of the clear, star-filled night, with its [erhabenen schweigen] we talked about the Torheit of the war and the Elend that it hervorbringt; because of this, we were both filled with gespannter Erwartung and hoped for a splendid success.

Early in the morning I was awoken by heavy artillery fire. It was from the enemy who wanted to [zuvorkommen]. The noise lasted for almost about three-quarters of an hour and then suddenly ceased. Only now did the sun show itself, and over the vallies in the Tiege lay a fine, thick white [snake] of fog, which eventually disapated in the light. The morning was wonderous, fresh and full of glowing colours, full of jubilation and joy in the nature and it was painful to think that on such a day [people intend to] murder one another. Perhaps this feeling came to me only because it would be the first time that I would be witness to the horros of fighting.

An enemy airplane flew over us toward a battery and we heard the bombs that were dropped from it whistle through the air and then explode, causing violent shaking. The Russian artillery commenced firing at 8 o'clock in the morning. It was not until several hours later that we heard a reply from the enemy: the brutal, metallic sounding explosions of heavy artillery.

The first wounded already began to arrive in the morning. They were victims of the enemy's shelling earlier that morning but there were only a few badly wounded among them. The majority could after a brief Verbandwechsel be transported further back to the divisional ambulance, which was two *Werst* distant. A few remained with us in the large tent that we had erected [unmittelbar] next to the [Verbandzimmer]. The we laid them on the Bahren and the Sanitare gave them food and drink. Only late in the afternoon did the [large] work begin. The transport wagons from the Verbandplatz appeared ceaselessly and the Prince sent us [curt] orders. The majority that came to us were severely wounded. Their bandages were already red with blood and immediately had to be changed. A few had died while being transported. Three, or sometimes four, soldiers lay together in a transport wagon, upon straw, each on a separate [bahre], their faces pale, lips quivering, and all begging for water. Sometimes they only remained with us for a short time, and after a few hours were bedded into a new wagon, with a new strengthened expression, now that they were to move away from this land of death and towards the homeland.

Late that evening, the young surgeon came to relieve me. Along with one of the students, I rode to the [Verbandplatz]. There I was warmly greeted by my friends and the Sanitaere. They showed me a tree about ten metres from our Unterstand, that had been shattered by an artillery shot. It was an eigentuEmlich feeling to be there. The evening was cool and the night [brach an]. The interior of our Unterstand was illuminated by a (?) a lamp. Apparently only a few wounded were there. Shells whistled and shrieked through the air [spaerlich]. There we lived in the open, and surrounding us was forest, which [Entsetzliche verhuellte] us. We were still in a good [mood] because we knew [why we were alive]. For a few hours we rested ourselves by laying in a [Hoehle], a student (watched). I was awoken at about 3 o'clock in the morning. Many wounded had been brought in, and from this time onward we worked ceaselessly.

[Es scheint mir], I can still see these Russian soldiers before me, the light wounded with soiled and torn uniforms. Many came on there own out of the woods, light [hunkend], or one arm supporting the other. Others, who were suffering greatly, dragged themselves to us, assisted by their comrades, pale and exhausted. They were slowly lowered to the ground, their weapon was taken from them; and these lay along side the hand grenades that were piled up beneath the trees. I can still see the Sanitaers, too, and how they would lay before us the badly wounded on the blood-stained Bahren, the faces of the suffering were bloodless and had [irren] expressions and also still [jene Traeger], who with the look of stummer Traues carried the Bahren without pause through our midsts. They carried away those who had died so that they could be buried. [Es ist mir noch] as if I can the [Stöhnen] of the unfortunately wounded, sometimes there was a wild cry of pain, but mostly only begging for water: "Water, give me water. *Sistriza*, [wunder Barmherzigkeit willen], give me water. I don't want to die! I want to live."

There was a soldier whose face was burned and [zerfetzt], and no longer looked human. Both of his legs had been broken, one hanging on by just a shred of skin. With a barely audible voice he begged revolver so that he could shoot himself. Four men from his battery had been [zerfetzt] by the same shell, and the officer had his head blown off.

The sight of such suffering and Erstellungen was all new to me and only the sheer amount of work helped keep the [laehmend Entsetzen] away. There was also the ever-present hammering of the Russian batteries around us, and the screaming of the shells in the air and the shuddering explosions. Sometimes bullets would also whistle past. We were on the battlefield, without knowing it, on an island of [Barmherzigkeit] in the [Raserei] that surrounded us and worked ceaselessly, removing bloodied bandages and putting on new ones. Our sanitatssoldaten carried the wounded to us and helped with the Verbinden. Each of them wanted themselves to put a hand on. I don't know what it was like on the other parts of the front, but I will never forget how with [ruhrenden Liebe] the simple Russian soldier took on these unfortunate comrades and were [proved vor Begeisterung] when we allowed them to themselves apply the bandages. Thereby always calm and friendly, I never heard a coarse word and we had no [Anlaß zum Tadel]. The Prince was everywhere. He führte the Sanitare to the front/positions in order to with them to get the wounded. He was in constant contact with the regimental and divisional HQs so to always know what was going on and [entsprechend] to [erteilen] his orders—in this way he always seemed to be amongst us and to see everything. He [suffered] at the sight of the unfortunates and his face was more [drawn] and pale than usual. His presence, however, had an effect on us all, like a [Beruhigung], and the wounded with whom he spoke looked upon him with glowing eyes.

I also saw the commander of a regiment and his adjutant during the battle going through our midst and remember also his pale face, that the [Anspannung aber kraefte] to the death [verreitet]. We found a picture of an attractive woman with a letter on a fallen officer. It was his sister, and in the words that she wrote to him [quivered the Todesahnung]. Here on the battlefield bleeds the brother, while at home life goes on. And perhaps every fallen has such a picture of a loved one from home. He is torn from them and in the loneliness of death in battle. The Russian soldiers who gave their lives in that place, simple and ignorant, [demutige] people, so close to [nature], they too had somewhere a home and people who were loved by him (?). The severely wounded often distance of weeks travel and other (not able to overcome) obstacles were separated from these loved ones, had to alone suffer and die. Even in death they could not return home. Somewhere on that great land there remained a grave with a crude wood cross that carried his name, and the soil for which he had fought now covered him.

The evening of [jenes] day I had to return to the village in order to assist with operations. One of the battery's doctors worked with us. I remained there until the end of the battle and we worked still another two days and two nights almost without interruption. On the last day the artillery fire reached its highpoint. It was a [Raserei] and I was told that never before in this war had Russian canons so [gewuEtet]. Amputations were [vorgenomen] and [SchaEdel] and stomach wounds operated. Everything was done that could be considering the circumstances; approximately 3000 wounded passed through our hands during those time.

[Wie waren sie gut, these demutigen], thankful soldiers. Their eyes glowed with Erregung and that which they had seen. They constantly talked about the battle. Other were quiet and reflective and sometimes they something of the [stimmen vorwurf] of the [angeschossenen Wildes] in their [Blick]. They had not yet found the ability to express their suffering that lay deeper than the physical pain (?). They lay no Stolzismus on the day, rather presented themselves as what they were: simple people in distress. They were good to one another. Their hearts were as pure as innocent children, open to man and God.

They talked about the course of the battle, mostly widerspruchsvoll and hopeless. One mentioned as an example the German's discipline; he had seen how Germans in [pontoon] swimming on the canal had been umzingelt and raised their hands to surrender. Thereupon they were shot by machine guns from their side of the canal. An officer told me later how he had avoided death. He found himself in the middle of a trench that zunächst was shot at in the right side. Then a bombardment against the left side commenced. Bit by bit the position to his left was demolished up until about three meters distant from him. Then it all ceased.

At the close of the fourth day the battle was over. And our friends departed the Verbandplätze the following morning. A crossing of the canal had been attempted by both sides. The enemy worked vorwiegend with machine guns from small concrete bunkers. The Russian soldiers worked with their lives, which means that many people were sacrificed. The Division's commander was wounded and one of the regimental commanders killed. Approximately 10000 dead and wounded were sacrificed for nothing.

We were all niedergeschlagen through the fatigue and disappointment and I don't know how to compare the feeling of sadness of an unsuccessful battle. On the following day we heard the Trauermarsch, a melody, that the Revolution of 1905 had geschaffen. And we saw the somber burial processions. Behind the band walked a soldier with a large, [grobe] wood cross. The priest followed accompanied by a choir that was singing monotonous hymns. The coffin was carried by soldiers and was not closed. The pale face of the deceased was surrounded by flowers. Again the sun was shining and the wide, bluehended nature verschwand this small picture of human suffering [meaningless].

In the history of the war, this battle likely has no great significance, perhaps it was a [Demonstration] and I do not know why success [ausblieb] and why the fighting did not continue. A divisional general who visited us in order to thank us was himself deeply [erschüttert]. He was a man with a pleasant face and dark eyes and beard, and authentic [Heldentypus]. I was told that his Auffassung of war does not [rechnet] on the Modern method, rather on the [bravery] of the Russian soldier, on "the Adlersflug of the Russian heart," how he presented himself, and in his Munde it was no mere phrase. And I believe that many of the Russian officers this [Anschauung geteilt] have. That explained also [jenen Heroismus], with which so many Russian officers sacrificed their lives. It gives some heroic acts, of which no word is spoken, that live further in the memories of live witnesses and sometimes completely unobserved. And I know that much of the [edelsten] blood in this war was/is spilled on the Russian battlefields. Like many Russian regimental commanders they have as in a "Adlersflug" in the death gestuErzt.

V.

New Area, New Battles.

About eight days later we were back in our peaceful village and resumed the easy life. We had many dysentery cases to deal with. A cholera-like illness broke out in the village, mostly among the weak and aged. Several weeks later we suddenly received orders to move our location and we accompanied the entire Army Corps in its [movement] farther to the south. Under the blazing summer sun we rode along with the troops through the fields and endless forests, through large and small villages, across rivers and through swamplands. At midday we would rest in a village, stretched out on the grass, and basked in the sunshine. All around us there was the bustle of soldiers. The nights we spent in haystacks, in farm houses, and once even in an open field. Always we saw the same [oeden], green swamps and the same lush, old forests. Cemeteries were scattered among hillocks in valley, sometimes in the middle of the forest without a fence. The primitive, age-blackened, and tilted wood crosses stood amongst the tall

pinetrees, giving the forest an almost mythical quality. The people who one encountered in these isolated regions were mostly old farmers, clothed in long brown [Rocken] with red belts. They wore wide straw hats, had long hair and equally long beards. They bowed themselves deep and remained silent in our presence. Sometimes they drove past us, leaning back in their [Leiterwagen], half-asleep; it was a symbol of their existence, as though they had been asleep for centuries. In other villages girls came to us wearing coloured dresses and friendly smiles. Our medics [mixed] themselves [frohlich] with their harmonikas. And this is how we passed through this isolated land. The Prince received every day the secret daily order containing the march route via a Cossack.

During the evening of the fourth day we arrived at a large, in [Empirstil] built country house, that was surrounded by an overgrown garden. In a small house/building which belonged to the estate there lived Cossack officers. They greeted us and told us that the enemy had a few days earlier pulled back from their positions not far from here.—The village that lay behind the estate was impoverished. We did not yet know how long we were going to remain and so looked around for rooms for the medical services. The interiors of the houses were dirty, the floors being bare earth, and the walls filled with vermin, so that hardly any suitable rooms could be found.—However, several days later we were on the move again. One morning we rode toward the abandoned enemy positions. Again aeroplanes droned overhead and not far to our right there were explosions. Soon we came across the remnants of the first completely torched village. It was [durchfurcht] by trenches; all around stood rusting barbed wire. Fourteen days earlier Russian soldiers had still been living in these trenches. The next village was also completely destroyed. It had been part of the the “neutral” zone between the positions. Yet again stood old farmers who had once lived here, saddened by the sight of the rubble that were once their homes.

Finally we reached the abandoned enemy positions. The church in the village ([war erhalten]), and there still was a wall standing of an old estate, but otherwise there was nothing but ruins and [redoubts]. The latter were partially destroyed by the enemy before they left. Near to the church stood a group of mighty poplars and birch in a wide, blossoming field. All around in the distance was forest, which the barren [desert] surrounded. On this field we established our camp.

A fine rain was falling, but nevertheless we were soon out looking for [Entdeckungen]. The German positions made an strange impression on us and our medics. They appeared to have been built on the principle of few soldiers behind a strongly fortified position. There were larger and smaller [strong points] with the strongest [Schutzeneinrichtungen] being [deep-laying] dugouts with ceilings constructed of sometimes eight [Lagen] thick logs and sometimes also a layer of cement. There were platforms for machine guns and observation posts, and deep, secure, and carefully built living quarters for the soldiers and officers on duty. The trenches ran like a labyrinth around the small fortified positions and had hidden exits. All around there were flower gardens: roses, sunflowers, cornflowers, as well as many vegetables. The individual [redoubts] were [untereinander] connected, sometimes [fuehrten kunstvoll angelegte] with grass-covered wooden bridges across the swamps. A cemetery was located next to the church. Russian soldiers were buried in it alongside German soldiers in [regelmässig] distributed graves with wooden crosses, often also inscribed with the name of the fallen soldier. Sometimes there was a lone grave before one of the redoubts and written on the cross was: here lies a brave Russian soldier. Our Russian soldiers were particularly moved/ by the impression of the strong fortifications and the enemy’s technical [Ueberlegenheiten], and often said: “This is not how it is with us.”

We found letters, newspapers, and books; and we read everything. The letters dealt mostly with everyday matters: requests for foodstuffs and news about family. One wrote that he didn’t like this land. —Hand grenades/shells and [Patronen] we still found many of, also small iron stoves, chairs and tables made of birchwood, and also many empty wine bottles.

We spent much time with the [Betrachtung of this position and a feeling of great sadness [blieb zurueck]. There was something [Unherrliches] in the [Verlassenheit] of this place/town. All was [einsam] and quiet. This [planmassige] system of defence and destruction was evacuated in haste. In our wandering through the [trenches] with their [schlupfwinkeln] we were [unfasst] on all that was [Unheimlich]. We discovered no enemy soldiers, dead or wounded, who had been left behind, but their presence would neither have surprised or [entsetzt]. It was like the [Wanderung in an unknown [Riech des Boesen]. It all seemed so extraordinary: people had moved here, dug themselves into the ground, had lived here for months, working, laughing, fighting and killing, here in this [abgelegenen], unknown, and forgotten land and then had left it all in a hurry in order to continue with the same thing somewhere else. And they left nothing behind except these [boesen] works of destruction; it was [Verrufenes land. Sometime later I saw once on a pleasant autumn day, how the old farmers of the area with their women and children in these dugouts [einnisteten] and their substitute for their destroyed habitations.

The woods/forests and the tall trees that surrounded this desolation [rauschten] in the wind, bending and arighting themselves again—showed that they had survived it all, like a symbol of the [erhabenen Gleichgultigkeit] of nature as opposed to the [Torheit] and [Hochmut] of humans.

We lived for a few days in this [seltsame] area, caring for several ill soldiers and preparing for the forthcoming battle. The Prince went to the position with [Sanitare in order to prepare an aid station. The Sisters and students prepared [Tupfer] and [Kompressen], and officers came to help. The [immerwaeerende] rain, however, [durchkreuzte] the Generals' plans, and after a few days we were again on the move towards the circa twelve *Werst* to the rear situated village M. At the time I did not sense that we would remain long in that village, or that in fact my service on the Russian front would come to an end there. We pitched our tents on the outer edge of the village upon the wide opening of a small woods, surrounded by the mighty pines and birches, of which a few had been shattered by lightening (?). From [outside] these trees formed a natural gate (?) through which the road/path led to the five *Werst* distant positions. The road/path had just been constructed and secured with [Pfaehlen and tree branches. To the right and left was swampland and pity the rider whose horse deviated from the path, the [entsetzliche death by drowning in the [schlammigen] black depths was a certainty for both. The landscape in its totality had its own beauty: broad [Sandflachen] which reminds me of [Wuestenland and on which small hills [erhoben]. Ample pine forests with old, wild, irregularly growing trees intersected them and [gingen ueber] in the [wide] dark green swampland. And above all of it was the glowing summer sky with its heavy white clouds. The village [Huetten] lay destroyed amongst this, lost, inconspicuous, [entsprechend] of the shadowy existence of the people that inhabited them. Only the war and the soldiers lived in this region and ripped them out of their century's long [Traegheit].

Our [Sommerlage there was truly nice on the wide Wiede; in the [anliegenden] woods surrounding it lived soldiers who often sang [joyous] and serious songs. The villagers came to us for medical assistance, and women and children would pass through our midsts in morning and evening to and from the fields. We often heard the enemy's shells whistling through the air whenever they were directed against one of the batteries nearby. We waited upon [Ereignisse. In between we were visited by many officers. Our best friends were with the artillery. There was Colonel Simin, a pleasant and relaxed man, [verschlossen], a little [duster] and [imponierend bei] a very simple [Wesen]. He ranked among the most brave officers in the whole Corps and was once seen on horseback riding in a wild hail of gunfire rode through the middle of a position without being struck.

Another colonel, Augurzof, came to us often. He was a very modest man, had a pleasant, Russian face with a long, brown beard and large, bright eyes. Captured Austrian officers had once requested that they be shown the officer who had directed such exceptionally precise fire against their positions, and that was Colonel Agurzof.

Captain Romanof was the commander of a heavy artillery battery. He had a powerfully built body and the head of a condottiero. He had something wild, [Ungebandigtes] in him, combined, however, with an [ungewöhnlicher] intelligence, a very simple and measured Russian manner.

Then my friend Nicolai. He came to us often. Lively, sparkling, cheerful, skillful in all things, child-like and good; an officer, like the soldiers they [anbeten].

Colonel Mironof was a man with a serious, energetic face. He had in earlier times spent time in prison because of political offence. We talked together once about English soldiers and I [erwähnte] the [wunderbaren] impression that their [prächtigen ?] [Gestalten] had made upon me. Thereupon the officer's face grew [verdüsterte] and he said: "We alone have not come so far. Our people are so [unwissend]."

And then suddenly on a beautiful, sunny day there was an attack. We were [wiederum] divided into two groups, one of which worked close behind front lines providing [Notverbände], while the other remained at the [Lager] and did the [big] work. This time the [Verbandplatz] was situated in the open between [Gestrüpp]. A few small [Unterstände] that had been dug into the ground offered some protection in an emergency. The artillery bombardment lasted for two days and once again our ears became accustomed to the [hammering] from the batteries, the screaming shells overhead, and the brutal explosions. We saw bursts of shrapnel above us and [jene] black clouds, a mixture of smoke, earth, and swamp water [aufstiegen] from where the shells impacted. We also saw those [unheimlichen] green, [schlagenartig geknallten] clouds, that [sich trage] advanced along the ground: poisonous gas. Our [Verbandplatz] was bombarded on the second day and two men were hit, but were only lightly wounded. A shell exploded on the path in front of a transport wagon and injured the horse. When night came, the infantry launched an attack, we heard the endless [rattling] of the defender's machine guns, [vergleichbar] with the [Klappern von Todessensen], and the endless [crashing] of the heavy artillery, which sounded similar to the growling of an angered wild animal.

At the [Verbandplatz] itself there was little work, but in our camp beneath the trees there lay stretcher after stretcher of soldiers. Hundreds of wounded lay there [stöhnend] in front of the tents, in which they were supposed to be being [verbunden]. The transport wagons came and went endlessly bringing us more wounded. It was always the same [Klagen], the [Verlangen] for water and only occasionally a wild scream of pain [tore through the air]. All of the wounded were still the [Erregung] of the battle [anzumerken], they talked about it with [seltsamen] words and their eyes still blinked [irre] from the things that they had seen. The work for us was [überwältigend]: it was again the same [zerfetzten] faces, the destroyed eyes, the [gespalteten Schädel], the broken [Wirbelsäulen] with complete [Lähmung] of the appendages, the numerous chest wounds with [Atemnot], shattered arms and legs, and [unheimlichen] stomach wounds. Thereto numerous smaller gunshot wounds on all parts of the body. Next to the wounded lay the [Kontusionierten], the [taubstumm], the face [leichenblau], the eyelids quivering and the entire body [frostend]. Sometimes their condition was similar to that of [Schwerkranken]. They were almost without pulse, cold, and still, as though [lame], their skin was in many places covered with blue [Blutflecken]. [Zuweilen] they [litten] on [unstillbarem] vomiting.

Prince Alexander was [wiederum] everywhere, as always in a serious situation. Once he went with an assaulting battalion up to the edge of the German [redoubt], so that immediate [Anordnungen] for the wounded-detentransport to be able to give. Often he was also at an artillery [Beobachtungspost] and [zugleich] one saw him [immer wieder] in our midst at the [Verbandplatz] or by the tents.

On the third day they brought us a wounded regimental commander, Colonel Selsky, on a stretcher. His head was bandaged and his face was a mask, [starr] because of the physical pain, as in the [dammernden Vorgefühl] of death. I can remember how I myself at the first moment had the impression that the situation was hopeless. The soldiers standing around [wichen scheu] back, one could hear their

loud cries, and they [crossed themselves]; more than one voice called out: "I would rather die so that he may live. He was not just a commander, he was a father." Thereto came another impression of the sense of panic: "What will become of us now? Now all is lost." This again demonstrates just how much the Russian soldier the [Bedurfnis nach] leadership had and that they blindly trusted a man that they admired.

The colonel had a small [klaffende Schaedelwunde] above his forehead, almost at the [Mittellinie]. Our female doctor operated on him and she managed to quickly remove a piece of shrapnel that had entered seven centimetres into his brain. Afterwards the wounded colonel was taken to the Prince's tent. That was an operation from among the many in which a life was saved.

The battle ended on the fourth day. Nothing had been gained. On our left a regiment had captured a small, fortified churchyard and taken a few prisoners; that was it. The [Trauermarsch erklang von neuem] and the churchyard in the villages were [bedeckte] with fresh graves. There were perhaps 2,000 dead and wounded. The colonel recovered quickly. He also belonged to the [Naturen] who do not want to acknowledge physical suffering. One morning, [wie] his [Warter] left in order to get his breakfast, he stood up and took off his bandages, shaved, re-banded himself, and was outwardly astonished, when we told him that he had [an ungeheuere Unvorsichtigkeit begangen]. His wife came to him, she was young and unaccustomed to the [seltsame] surroundings. And already after just ten days they could return home together.

The offensive/attack was resumed two weeks following the first battle, energetically but only for a short time. One battery was located in the open field near to our [Verbandplatz] and unleashed a murderous bombardment upon the enemy's redouts, until all four of the guns were [zerschmettert]. Again our work lasted for two days and two nights. I cannot remember any small details, still to this day I feel that bleary exhaustion after the psychical and spiritual were one in the face of the great work before us and the [Anblicks] from so much suffering and the disappointment of the failure.

I can still see in front of me, those Russian soldiers, as I'm going to see to the end of my life, humble people, agitated at heart, transfixed by the vision of the battle, suffering without complaint, uprooted from their distant home, fatalistic, life and death so understanding and receptive, **[98]** as they take place in the open nature. They went into battle without knowing what and followed with love those ears of officers who were good to them, for fear those, which she hated. I remember soldiers who told how they saw a hand officer [?] killed thirteen enemies and a German officer with his sword felling head, others had also seen a Russian officer to fall in the same way. As a cripple, they returned to the home that they left as children and only the memory of those deeds was them.

I also remember a soldier who had his officer to make a report. He had gone out to customers with two companions during the night and suddenly they found themselves three enemy soldiers against. The comrades fell back, he stepped forward, killed one of the enemies shot down a second and then himself fell, wounded in the chest. He told the officers [?] easily without accusing his comrades or to boast itself, on the contrary, he apologized to some extent the fact that he does not quite had his duty to perform, because he had been wounded while he was talking about but from these things, as if they had no meaning. There was a young man of barely twenty years old with blond hair, bright, dreamy eyes, as so many thousands of them looked like. The Russian soldiers - with the exception of the Cossacks - did not like the war, they did not understand him. Do not kill love, because they were too good, they did not wear [99] hatred in itself. The violence weighed on them like a heavy pressure from inside and from outside. And as the violence broke inside, because they trusted with the whole faith of the good Russian heart to the collapse of violence from the outside. They threw down their weapons and ran away because they could not understand the violence.

The unsuccessful struggles were of course not intended as a major surgeries. They were local

demonstrations in the wake of major actions on the entire front section. But the thought of it did not help get over that in turn had been sacrificed unsuccessfully many people, and the heavy swage also lived in the soldier on.

[100 - blank]

[101]

VI .

Autumn calm.

Vacation trip to the Caucasus.

[102 - blank]

[103]

Following these battles there was calm. The late summer and autumn encroached across the countryside transforming the landscape with deep, vibrant colours. Peculiarly looked the landscape from the observation posts of one of the various batteries: a wide panorama with heavily fortified German positions, on the edge of the woods and from the woods [herausragend]. You could see the flashing lights of the guns. Behind a river, and then the enemy positions -- Before us immediately the infantry positions were, the woods [erstrecktensich far out into the country. The no man's land between the two positions was ruled by death.

Several wounded, who were operated on during the fighting, yet stayed with us. The villagers came back to us to ask for medical help. A technical Otriad, which dealt with the road building, sent us to many patients. It was a motley collection of human figures: Life Tired, handicapped old people, cripples, teenage boys, Gypsies from Bessarabian, thieves, also women and girls of all ages. They all lived there together under poor sanitary conditions under a brutal regiment, they came to us and brought suit against their commanders .

Our village itself was dirty and its inhabitants lived in utter ignorance, not enjoyment of life. Old **[104]** men, women and girls lived together with the soldiers. The population had something unfree on yourself, you still notice the pressure of the old serfdom one, they were servile in their nature. They had all the vices. The trunk they could, however, currently not indulge, but they were greedy and exploited the soldiers. They played cards until late into the night and the women and girls prostituted themselves. Also, they were stingy and neglected their children. Good mothers were rare. Only the children were our joy, we played a lot with them. It has often told me that the situation there in no way correspond to those of the rest of Russia. This desolate marshland was always as a sad country, forgotten and shunned in the wide realms. The marshes breathed from illness and the people who lived there, as the country stagnated .

The spirit of our regiment was different. The new commander was a one with a German name and therefore already unpopular, and he also was tough and did not understand the Russian soldiers deal. At the front he had the soldiers for hours to practice and drill parade marches, rode through their aligned rows, looking for small irregularities, said left and right the toughest penalties from, let the soldiers whipping with rods and beat them occasionally even with the stick. But you rarely saw him in the positions themselves, in contrast to his predecessor, who had spent most of his service there. A Russian soldier wanted to be an avenger and once during the night he threw **[105]** two bombs in the house in which lived the Colonel. But they had their effect by unexploded. The Russian soldier endures much

suffering with patience, fatalism and a touching helplessness. But if he starts to hate, then he proceeds at once to the wild violence. - I still remember how the soldiers, armed to the teeth, in the twilight through our camp went to the positions. They looked at us, looked at our peaceful life in the camp under the trees and made a little upset about it. They knew us and they knew that they could come to us every moment, wounded and close to a lot of real death. They went on to the positions. Something Shy, Depressed lay in their attitude and look fundamentally different from other soldiers armies that I had seen. They lasted me and involuntarily came to my mind the image of, the victim, who is led to the slaughter "on, a silent reproach seemed to lie in her eyes And he was not only directed against the government, which drove them to their deaths. and left in the lurch, but also against every single human being that allows for such a disaster. 's why the Russian soldiers must also forgive those atrocities they committed in the later blind rage outrage .

During this time we also received the news that we all Sanitary under thirty-five, and all officers should be taken for the service of the gun. A week later the command was repeated, except the age limit to forty **[106]** has been moved up years. Thus we lost most of our people. In addition, they wanted us to take all the good horses. This was a serious blow to the Otriad and went to the prince very close. It is easy to see that an organization that had been working for three years and gained experience, was hit in her lifeblood through the removal of a large number of their best employees. The Sanitary themselves were severely affected. They had become accustomed to living together with each other, everyone knew his place and if they also desired to recover at home, yet her life was bi us clipper than in the trenches. Wlasof, the ordinance of the prince, one of the officers and the prince proposed to him, to degrade him, to keep him can. Then he said: ' No, I do not want to. Better to die. That would be a shame that would darken me the rest of my life. " The prince went immediately to Petrograd to learn how the Directorate of the Red Cross turned this army command. Prior to his departure, the prince ordered also the fitting-out of our winter quarters on, because the days were getting shorter and colder and the fog from the marshes enveloped our camp at night one with dense veils. most huts in the village had been seized by officers of the regiment, so we had to build something of their own. Firstly, because the construction was also a building for the medical service started. One of our Sanitary designed the plan and dan made about thirty of the other with the help of carpenters that the angehörten **[107]** regiment to which Arebit. Moreover, a lot of small mud huts ere made . Prince Alexander had once again received a deputy after a long time, so that he could be removed. This man was a high school teacher from Kiev, who was able to his position with us in any way. he had the soul of a minor official, with all its anxieties ., and their lack of humor this he was unable even to make a decision or anything to take on a responsibility he could not deal with people,. against subordinates, he was gruff and servile towards higher standing he was of course quite soon became very unpopular among us., and we were glad when the Prince back. In Petrograd had comforted him with vague insurance. it was all still undecided and will for some time remain as it was. way, decided the prince, on holiday to the Caucasus to travel and I was allowed to accompany him. on an October morning we left the front. It was a gloomy, cloudy rainy day, thirty versts we drove in a Telega, an open, padded with hay wagon over bumpy, covered with tree trunks ways through remote villages. Sometimes we encountered a lone patrolling Cossack or any car that was made by soldiers. Finally we reached the little station of a narrow- gauge railway, which should lead us to the actual railroad. I remember very well that journey and the thoughts that I employed. I thought of the home and on the contrast between my former life and now. This was all so strange, **[108]** to the seclusion came in an unknown, desolate country. This life is so serious that you never knew what the next day will bring. and but the consciousness that man is only after - nem values was calculated. At my side sat Prince Alexander, who become my friend and role model and whose presence was always me and with joy Gratitude filled; without him ware since life out there on the front maybe sometimes unbearable,

been monotonous and lonely. Which existence was the more valuable ? My former or present in these uncertain states. On the evening of the following day we reached Kiev, the next morning we visited the city. A beautiful, modern city full of life, which in many reminded of our major Western cities. We stepped by the strange blue doors in the New Cathedral one, with their strange mysticism, caused by the Paintings of the artist Wasnezof. your Byzantine Style and the matt colors exerted a peculiar Spell out, their conception of the religious is about. walti quietly great, oriental and Slavic at the same time. Russian friends told me: For us wasne. zof more for you as Michelangelo and Raphael. In addition to the monumental depictions of the Schop. tion find Christ on the Cross and the World Court, Also smaller images of saints, by the same master hand-painted, such as a picture of Princess Olga, the Hei. time of Kiev. The high figure is wrapped in a green coat and the head with the dark glowing Eyes shows that mixture of worldly power, Large and mysticism, which the names of those Russian mil Holy verbindel. We also visited a monastery everything outside the Barn, mil wide Mayrhofen and Wandelgangen as a old island getraumlen a better existence in the Well Resist the language. It glowed white, gold and Gran The interior of the church reminded me durch his dastem Reichlum to the Kircben the Kremlin : again it was one of the centers of the Russian beiligen schen Reiches and russischen well. Using Court we saben the grave of Stolypin, a scbweres, schwarzes marble cross rose daraber, geschmackl mil a holy picture and a traffic light. A Inschrift was etched in the stone. This Rubestatte a significant Staatsmannes of all regime was decomposed interferes in the first days of the revolution, the nicbls MeBr was Beilig. A monk with long hair and beard, in schwarzer Cults, SICB joined us on the terrace in front of the Monastery, a look at the barn in all training debnung darbol. On Hail gebaul, the Ufem of wide, lrage flowing river was the barn in front of us. We batten from the terrace a beautiful Aussicbl because the ~ country. A lrahe autumn mood was daraber mil foggy sky. The trees in the distance gleamed golden and red, all colors were mall and weich; [Landschaft] this seemed to me a [wirkliches Picture of the nature [russischen mood and the endless To his country, and reich elwas schwermatig. We left Kiev on the same evening. Our travel NABM their F verge in dreitagiger Eisenbabnfahrt by the steppes of southern Russia and along the Azov seas Usse to the city Kisslowodsk on F of the Caucasus. This elegant aristocratic resort was crowded of high-ranking officers, ministers, governors with their. Ladies, also many recreational offerings were there also disabled soldiers. From the wars we did not feel there much and the shiny life made a surprise - contrast to the world from which we came. The small town is situated between and depend on the by hills. When the chief of the next order - environment climbs, then dives soon the wonderful Pyramid of Mount Elbrus, whose sublime solitude suddenly the spectator the whole Great nature of the Caucasus Mountains disclosed. The next closest Mountains were bare and had a brown colour, the was transformed into the Ferne in a dark blue. you were broken by ravines and valleys, over them the deep blue sky of the South. In the streets of Stadtchens cavorted strange caucasian Gestalten, in long distaff, laced with a Belt, with bushy fur caps on their heads, all armed with a dagger. Many of these people looked quite wild. Here is the land of poets Lermontof and the spirit of romance is still alive there. We also learned a governor of one of the mach-important provinces of Russia know. He belonged to the Baltic nobility. His appearance was impressive, in the conversations he was witty, lively and autoritar; even had his whole personality something Gewaltttatiges. I think he was a consummate Reprasantant high Würdentragers of old [?] regime in unf a - Sense. He was very unpopular before the Revolution was because even in the first days of the order - murdered. We spent in this spare T pleasant age, walked and rode through Taler, looked beautiful and interesting people. I remember a Princess X., I saw there: they was tall and skinny, so finely divided that it almost was scary. She had a fine head, deep black hair, her eyes sparkled like jewels, the complexion was like ivory. When the Princess walked with her little doggie around the room, so seemed to her feet barely touching the ground. you seemed anzugehoren a realm of spirits. The mother of Prince Alexander was there and gathered around him a

circle of acquaintances. also with me all the unreserved, Russian Hospitality receptions. One day we met suddenly the Supreme Selsky, the head of the regiment, the wounded during the summer and operated with us had been. He was fine and he hoped to be back soon zuückreisen to the front to be able to. Unfortunately, the prince was in those days a telegram which worried him: had a new army command arrived, the speedy recovery of the Sanitary- vigorously for armed service again demanded. Alexander decided, therefore, once more to Petrograd to drive. But first we wanted to see something of the Caucasus Mountains and decided. to travel to Tbilisi on the Georgian Military Road. We traveled by train to Vladikavkaz, a romantic little town at the foot of the high Mountains. with irregularly built roads and low Houses. Inside the dark oriental purchase Load ruled an oppressive air. The Verkäufer. mostly Armenians. Georgians or Persians. in a long time! 1 black rock. with high hat and dagger. some- times with beautiful silver belts. looked serious and solemnly. - The city is crossed by a wild. blue Creek. In the twilight of the buildings gleamed in rose red to purplish luster and pale Crescent. the ascended slowly in the sky. was as a symbol. that the faith of the Prophet, the Biggest in number of inhabitants of the strange city dominated. We turned as well to the mosque. their doors to us by a Tartar Dervish ge -were opened.

The following morning we boarded a four-horses -covered old-fashioned. wide carriage, which drove us in frantic haste from the city to the river valley beyond. High, rocky mountains framed the valley as - liners shimmering green meadows. The sun shone and lively colors. It was a morning full of beauty. Soon we reached the first post- station at which the horses had to be changed. They told us there by bandits, which the area made uncertain and even the lives and property of the traveling - threatened. We traveled without acquaintance with these fellows to have made. Sometimes we met long car that be with a sailcloth coated arch spans were: dark, bearded figures sat in it, which looked at us silently and past us dressed like people from another [?] world. The area soon became wilder, the valley narrow, and the rocks were bare. Ruins of Georgian princes - repairman and old fortresses levied on themselves the surrounding heights. A canyon with the devil - bridge over the crashing river reminded me vividly to the area of the Devil's Bridge in my home. But here, everything was still wild and the colours glow - the. We climbed gradually getting high. Eagles flew high above us through the air. In the middle of the snow limit met a caravan of camels, which spared the sight of our horses. At midday we arrived at the station Kasbek, the [FUsse of mighty mountain range of the same name. On a fel " Sigen comb, which preceded the massive Kasbek is, one sees a very old little church of which you does not know when it was built. It fits in the landscape, as she had nature itself there - provided. Soon we reached the serpentine, the us slowly to the snowy high up - led. The road was lonely, the air cold and the sky was cloudy. In the twilight we reached those numerous galleries, the street in front of the La-protect avalanches. We drove through thick fog that later to snow was. The post-stations were occupied by soldiers occupied who were supposed to ensure the safety of road. Moonlight illuminated the road, as we the [Paßhohe drove. The moon played with the fog - schleiem. It was a lofty, mysterious image. Somewhere from the depths sounded a song sung by a lonely wanderer: it was like the voice of human [Sehnsucht in the abandonment of the over - wültigenden silent nature. At night we reached a lonely inn. It saw everything there neglected and dirty Au5. Al1em apparently expecting you there at this season no longer on Caste. A mono- augiger Armenian servants received us. He wore a long, rose red skirt with the inevitable dagger in Cürtel and showed us the only heated room in at home. Since he recognized me to be a doctor because of my uniform, he asked me to visit his master, who was sick. He led me to a high spacious room, the [schonen with carpets on the floor and on the walls was decorated. In one bed lay a man with pleasant face. Next to the bed stood the Woman, slim, no longer young, dressed all in white, his head covered with a white T uch, sharp, quite regular idle trains as turned to stone. the Patient did not speak Russian. I examined him and gave the servant certain arrangements. I left the room with the definite impression

that here something weird abspiele that the disease of the man was not [zufallige and that the immovable [Cesicht the [Cattin [Ceheimnisse hide. But I had no Gelegenheit to investigate the conditions, as the prince, and I Wlasof at night almost self- victim a [Unglücksfalles by coal gas poisoning had become as a result of the premature closed ovens. We were at the following age T al1e sick in bed and could only continue the übernachsten morning our journey. The lonely hostel reason, I remained in my memory. The descent to Tbilisi was rapid in bestandigen zig-zag, then ran the road, slowly descending quietly, in large Talem. Even miracles were the colors at sunset, all the trees and shrubs it. glowed in a purple deep luster. And yet is just over those wide, rich Talem the curse of Fever. The high mountains were already far behind us and paled slowly, as the sun sank. It was already night when we crossed an old ruined city; the moonlight shone on the white walls of an Armenian monastery. Spat at night lit us the lights against the city Tbilisi. Tbilisi white, bright in the sunshine under sud. Lichem heaven is a wonderful city. It is built on the bank of a river between hills. Over the river drove wooden bridges. With many poor [[African churches in their simple, old byzantine style and the Russian Orthodox churches with [[gol ~ those domes, full of life in the moving streets, a strange mix between western European life and the East - so the city exerts a large magic form. The botanical garden with lush vegetation [[tation on rocky ground is picturesque. adjacent because the Armenian quarter with narrow streets and lower Hausem that are adorned with eppichen T; Persian women in black Gewandem, the face verhüllt, scurrying about unsem way. Then again a Maze of narrow and wide streets with many Churches whose doors are always open, processions In the streets, shops with heavy odors and thieving sellers ----, then suddenly the modern main road to the palace of the vice king, animated by elegant officers and ladies. Proud, beautiful people we meet in the streets. At night, the city lies in silence, only the moonlight plays on the silver roofs of the Armenian churches and the river. The air is so mild in autumn and warm as in spring. How strange: all this is one of the great Russian Empire, the vast, rugged mountains and this city of the southern Orient. From the pressure of the war seemed to feel less there. The melancholy mood of the vast plains of the rest of Russia was this land foreign, belonging to the honorable of what nature has created. We returned via Baku by train along the sandy shores of the Caspian Sea for Kisslawodsk back. Prince Alexander had to leave me to travel to Petrograd, and I even left a week later alone the Caucasus in order to return back to the front. [116]

[117]

VII.

Life During the Winter.

[118 - blank]

[119]

Winter had come to the land and as I was returning the sky was [trube] and the [Hutte] in the [hamlet] lay like black shadows on the white surface of snow. A cold wind whipped over the land. The region seemed even more isolated than it had during the summer and the [Gegensatz] between the southern sun, which I had just left, and the cold [Oede] in this swampland was considerable and impressive.

The house for the medical service was in the meantime from our orderlies [fertiggestellt] to be. It consisted of two [Verbandzimmer], one for the day to day work, the other for operations, and also an [Apotheke], a waiting room [Warteraum] for the ill and a room in which the [diensttuende] orderlies

could [aufhalten] day or night. The interior was still somewhat damp, the walls painted white and a massive oven made out of [Ziegelsteiner] warmed everything.

In a farm house we had a common mess room; there we also spent the long winter nights, sitting together sometimes until in the morning, pasting in photos, listening to the gramophone, and talking about whatever came to mind. Our [ubrigen Wohnungen] were distributed in small [Erdhuetten]. I myself lived in one such Hutte together with Benjamin, my favourite student, on the edge of the woods. The room with [abgeschragte Decke enthielt] nothing else than our field beds and a table and a large oven/stove. A large window provided sufficient light. We were like [abgeschnitten] from the village. At night we heard owls calling.

Later a battery was stationed in our immediate vicinity, whose [hammering] us [zuweilen] out of our sleep scared and caused our [Huetten] to shudder.

In four of the scattered farm houses in the village our sick were quartered. Two earthen huts contained room for circa twenty sick with infectious illnesses. The entirety therefore comprised a small [Lazarett] in which during the winter there were always about sixty patients being cared for. Here we received the badly ill, not transportable soldiers and the other very lightly wounded, who could return to the regiment within a few days. We always had sufficient medication. In the mornings was [Sprechstunden] in which often 40 or more soldiers and civilians came to us. At that time there were not many wounded. For several months there was a twenty year-old soldier with us, who on his first day on the frontlines was [shot in the chest?]. He was gravely ill and for many weeks was as helpless as a small child. Then his strength returned and his appreciation knew no bounds, and when he left us, he cried bitterly.

The sick often suffered from respiratory ailments. For example, a Cossack suffered from this illness, and still while he was with high fever, [flehte] he us with tears to allow him to return to his horse(s), the [verkomme], when he not with them be. The sick consisted of a unique mix of various races of mankind. Blond and energetic Nordic or Siberian [figures] sat upon their [Behren] smiling while [having] temperatures of 40 [Fieber] or more, and had only one wish, and that was to return to their friends. Older men looked fatigued and they wished only to return home since they had not seen their families for two years. We had a Georgian in [Behandlung], a pleasant man who had a serious [heart sickness behaftet]. He could not speak Russian, so he made his wishes known through [anmutige stolze] gesticulations. Furthermore, there were many Czechs, originally prisoners of war, who had now taken the field against their former brothers-in-arms. They were intelligent and superior to the Russian soldier in knowledge and ability. But how I very much preferred the simple Russian soldier in their [ruhrender, demutigen] innocence. In the [Gegensatz] first [erkannte] I how dear to me the Russian soldier had become, exactly because of his lack of civilization I understood why Tolstoy and many others wanted to [ablehnen] for Russia western culture. It lay somewhat from the ideal of the lost paradise in the manner and life of the simple Russian farmer, whose soul as deep and pure was as nature [itself] and filled from [gegen eigentumlichen] fatalism, for [den] it gives/gave no boundry. And now the nature was the people [voller lebendiger Krafte], without itself to be clear about it. New revolutionary doctrines from the West that are being introduced into the minds of [these] half-developed people, therein a completely [unheilvolle Verwustung angerichtet]. What will become of the Russian people in the future?

We also had a deathly-ill [Tscheremiss] who for several weeks was with us and who looked like a ghost, so pale and [magerde] was; only his glowing black eyes betrayed life. Slowly he began to recover and invited me to return with him to his Steppe homeland. There he wanted to find me a bride, and in case she was not willing, he was going to steal her. Later he allowed me to correspond with him through a friend in Moscow, that he was well, and that I should write to him. "I await your answer as the [Nachtigall] does the summer," which is how his invitation was. Also Austrian prisoners, mostly South

Slavs, were among the ill; they were [blaSS] and [ausgehungert] and for them was war also a [Fluch]. Many thousands of [Kirgisens] worked in our vicinity. Those that were ill among them also came to us. They wore [weite], long coats, a large number of shirts and always had with them their [beweglichen] property. They had unique [Samt-] and [Pelzmuetze] on their heads. They [schleuderte] in their free time through the village, [betrachteten] everything and played cards with the soldiers in the farm houses. A few of them were sons from wealthy families who owned over a thousand horses in Siberia. There were [Priester] among them too. They were good, helpless, and thankful patients. One of them, despite having a high fever, sat upright and motionless in his bed and gazed [stumm] and serious before him with large, black, and impenetrable eyes. All of these sich helped one another and were [angenehme] patients, not just because of their [Wesens], rather also because of the [Frische] of their [Organismus], which illness mostly easily [uberwand]. [Zuweilen] it happened that a Russian soldier would declare to one of the medical [Anordnung]: "I do not want that." Then one only had to say to him: "Dear man, you will certainly not believe that you understand that better than me." Then he would [sogleich bescheiden] blushes and excuses himself and [fugte] himself very [selbstverstandlich].

The illness with which we most had to deal with was [RuEckfallfieber], one regiment was completely [durchseucht] from it. Sometimes the ill came to us completely exhausted, but very few of them died. [Vereinzelte] cases of [Flecktypus] appeared from time to time, and fortunately we could with this dangerous illness prevent its spread. The [Otriad] had aside from the [Lazarettendienst] still a large [Krankentransport] for the entire division [zu leisten] for many months. That was a [muehsam] task for man and beast.

In those months all of our orderlies had to before a medical board of inquiry which had to decide whether they were fit to serve in combat. We ourselves [...] all of them exact and took their smallest Gebrechen under the *Lippe*. The Benjamin and myself more than once went with the separate groups of orderlies to the board of inquiry. Those were cold drives. Wrapped in [war] pelts/... and blankets, we lay upon the hay gepolsterter open Leitwagen and drove for four hours to the train station. Only late at night [langten wir] at the [Bestimmungsort]. On the following day the orderlies were examined by three doctors—an old [Kleinrussen] and two Polish military doctors—who at the first Untersuchung asked us whether we brought any *Schnapps* with us. The Red Cross verfügte nämlich alone over larger quantities of alcohol and Eingeweihte [...] them always through medical Rezepte solchen zu verschafften. This board of inquiry worked to our advantage gegen a gewisse payment of alcohol---they did furthermore the same thing with our army's Red Cross HQ. Sometimes we still returned during the night and came early in the morning to home. [...] was the nighttime trips in the overfilled small train wagons, where one sat closely crammed together and we could not move. Sometimes the train came to a halt for up to two hours on the tracks. And [...] the ride in the wagon under the clear star-heaven or in falling snow home return. It was said that wolves made the area unsafe and that a Cossack had once been torn apart by them. But we ourselves never saw a wolf.

Prince Alexander worked tirelessly in an attempt to retain as many of his old orderlies as possible. Two more times he drove to Petrograd, aside from shorter trips to the Red Cross HQs and to the front lines, he also presented a list of medical specialists who were considered indispensable to us. When finally forty-five of the best people were taken, the Prince managed through his connections/Fürsprache at the army HQ that all of these men would become artillerymen and indeed within our Army Corps, and that each could choose which battery---This Wechsel vollzog in all of the Red Cross's Otriads [?], but I know of no other commander who came anywhere close to doing as much for his people than Prince Alexander did.

That was our life during the winter—every day was like the next. On rare occasion a small celebration broke the tedium. Zuweilen we drove or rode to one of the batteries. There was little

fighting. Sometimes there was a complete ceasefire that would last for almost a week. A light [Teuerung] made itself [fuehlbar]. The provisions became [einformiger] and sometimes quite bad. The [Stimmung] was somewhat [gedrueckt]. It was not the [...] hardship of the winter alone that [bedruckte] us; one always was asking oneself: when and how would the war end? When would Russia finally have a government that would also allow the Russian people to have a voice.

VIII.

Outbreak of the Revolution.

The Russian Revolution may well have had occurred had there been no war. Perhaps lay in the enthusiasm that the masses at the beginning of the war [ensouled], the urge and the [Vorgfuehl] for the [overthrow]. The land was through a century revolutionary past undermined and the organization of the masses through the war was also for the government a great danger. And indeed when the Tsar appeared on the balcony of the Winter Palace the day that the war was declared, as was told to me by Prince Alexander, who himself had been present, the many thousands who were there had fallen to their knees. That's what the mood was then. And when a ruler the opportunity had to make himself popular, so it could have been Nicholas II, but he did nothing in this respect, did not understand what was wanted of him and was unwilling and weak in the hands of the [allerschlimmsten Umgebung] that a monarch could have. Moreover the government allowed the soldier that fought for him/them in a bind. The deficient leadership was perhaps the [unmittel...] cause of the Revolution. That had [ihr] then also the so fatal character of the soldier's mutiny [gegeben]. [An sich] were [ja] all classes of revolutionary [gesinnt]. But the farmer on the land, ignorant and faithful, first became revolutionary when he became a soldier in the field and was indoctrinated by his comrades. Once he had been convinced that the fatherly Tsar was not sacrosanct, rather could fall like other mortal beings, thereafter his entire belief in everything, in God, the Tsars, and on all authority, changed, and indeed with uncanny quickness. And therefore nothing remained aside from anarchy with all of its wild impulses, which became brutalized through the war. Naturally the rage was directed against the higher or better [Gestellter], by the soldiers against the officers. It will forever remain the darkest chapter in the Russian Revolution the massacre of innocent officers. One can only say that: "They knew not what they did". Personally, I can only speak of the Russian officer with the utmost respect. It is shocking to think how they must make through in a two-front war, the external and internal. [Schikanerier] of the [untergegebenen] does not lay in the Russian character - the officers were opposed simply because they represented authority, which for the revolutionary soldier suddenly had fallen into great [nothingness].

In our Otriad, earlier on we had little concern for political matters, each had his own opinions, which he kept to himself. Occasionally one expressed oneself about it during the last few months but experiences had [eingetreten] that us through the personage of our commander brought us into direct connection with the coming historical world events.

The murder of Rasputin was greeted everywhere the greatest joy. The assassination [galt] in the land with its centuries of tradition of terrorism simply as a matter of course. I recall how a comment by Prince [Bogatien], the adjutant of the Corps Commander, that to all of us seemed extremely laughable, [der dahin ging], that it was good that this bad man Rasputin was dead, but nevertheless the murderers would have to live with this shame for the rest of their lives.

Soon thereafter, Prince Alexander's father was named Prime Minister of Russia. Our commander learned of this, as we also did, through a notice in the newspaper, and his face took on a pained expression that always came when in [schwere Stunden eigen] was, as he said: "It is too bad that I do not understand [?] that my father has accepted. He is unsuited for this position and completely reactionary.

He views the people as second class, while I think it is only the people who are good in Russia. Moreover, he will not be able to remain at his post for long."

Shortly thereafter the Prince traveled to Petrograd with his brothers; upon his return he said: "The situation is very serious. We stand at the brink of a revolution." He also told us that his father suffered much because of his new post, which had been forced upon him. He had namely in a lengthy audience with the Tsar and [darauf] with the Tsarina [ausdruecklich] the grounds [auseinandergesetzt], [um derentweller] he for [ungeeignet erachte] to [...] the position of the Prime Minister the Tsar and Tsarina [hätten] him both in personal discussion at the end [zugestimmt] and the old Prince returned home in the [Gefuehl] to have been relieved of this burden. On the following day he received the Imperial decree [announcing] his appointment. When he several days later saw the Tsarina for the first time, she merely smiled and said: ["Und doch"]. The sons also spoke with their father about the impending danger of an [Umsturtzes] and stated that the Army would side with the revolution. Thereupon the old Prince became incensed, [??] who represented the authority of the old Russian Empire and believed in it with all [Ueberzeugungen] of his historical tradition.

"Father and sons": this conflict has played for several (many ?) generations in some Russian houses so seriously that [he sprichwörtlich] and a [Tatsache] had become, which completely [selbstverstaendlich schien].

The young Prince Alexander loved the people and that was the [direction] of his political worldview. He declined the post of Vice-Governor because he did not want to serve in the current system of government. He considered it appropriate of his high position and his pure human conviction his duty to work in the best interest of his people, but in [silence] and without personal ambition. The Prince was a great aristocrat in the best sense of the word and yet I have rarely known such a simple and humble man. Life on the front and the daily contact with the medical orderlies and their living conditions [mäger] still a [weitgesehenden] influence on the political outlook of the Prince, but his (concern for humanity) was innate.

The students were always the democratic element in the Otriad. Benjamin referred to himself as a democrat and was proud of his [opinions]. He loved to be close to the life of the medical orderly, and along with them performed their hard, physical work, and lived with them in the summers. He was from the people, understood their character, virtues, and [hasten] and what primarily separated him from the medical orderlies was his better upbringing and his true Russian affinity for despotism.

Iwgeni was a dreamer and idealist with the revolutionary temperament of the youth. Earlier he had already participated in banned gatherings, even though he was very much a philosopher and individualistic, just so that he could participate in the revolution.

Our Head Sister had a [durchaus] revolutionary temperament - and he [Lebensführung], that [dahin ging], that [ausschliesslich] a life for others in order to have meaning, [verlichen] her socialistic ideas also the [echte Ueberzeugungskraft].

The young surgeon, who earlier had been the only other doctor aside from myself, had no political convictions, rather [richtete] his ideals after those of the largest [Haufens].

The Prince's [Stellvertreter], that schoolmaster from Kiev, also didn't have any personal conviction. All he had was that hate of the small for the big and since the revolution unsettled the former big, he was overjoyed and now felt himself to be "big".

Our medical orderlies, ignorant people from the masses, had spent the years prior to the war in an atmosphere of political unrest and discontent. The memory of what transpired in Moscow during 1905 was still fresh for many of them. A few had back then even participated in political gatherings, and a number had accordingly their [Intelligenz gewisse] half-clear [Vorstellungen] about socialism. They were all, however, level-headed men with self-confidence; they hated the police as oppressors of the people.

Each of them felt that there was something intolerable in the [Zustand] of the current Russian Empire, but they [took it all] in with a silent fatalism.

It was a common belief among Russians that a [dream] of the Imperial family was unlucky or that [zur Folge] had. This seems to me to be inexpressibly sad and shows that the Tsar's rule was not founded on [love], rather on fear, [hervorgeufen] through the [unwürdige Behandlung] on the side of those who enforced Imperial authority that the people through sudden home searches, [Verbannungen], and secret death sentences [vergewaltigte]. It was the fear of the [Unheimlichen] and [Unbrechbaren] that with [that unerhoerten] absolute weight connected to.

Our Head Sister wanted to go on vacation, but the Prince would not allow it because he anticipated the outbreak of the revolution. He told her about how earlier in Petrograd the abdication of the Tsar, [als von] from the absolute important [bevorstehender Ereignisse] were talked about. Eventually, the Sister did go on vacation and it was soon thereafter that the storm let loose. One day the Prince informed us that all of the telegraphists and railway workers in the Corps were going to be drawn into the [sofortigen Hilfsdienst]. We did not know that at this very moment bloody fighting was taking place in Petrograd.

The following night the Prince came to us and said: "Three telegrams were received by the General Staff; the first [lautet]: that Petrograd is in the hands of the revolutionaries; the second: that the Tsar had abdicated [zugunsten] of his brother. The government has been dissolved. The Grand Prince Nikolai Nikolaiewitsch has taken over supreme command of the [troops]." The third telegram [lautete]: that calm had been restored in the capital city, and that the executive committee of the Duma had formed a provisional [responsible government].

We were all overcome with joy. When we informed our [Ordannanzen] of the good news, his eyes filled with tears. I can remember that evening very well. We had a small celebration, the [Einweihung] of a [Wohnung], a small room in one of the farm houses in the village, which I had just [bezogen] in order to be closer to the patients. Along with the Prince, all of my colleagues were guests, and we were so happy and joyous as never before [?]. That was the great act in world history that also in our midst [sich kund gab], and [gleich] to the [Walten] of a mighty natural [Ereignisse] us in the [Ehrfurcht erschauern] allowed.

During that evening there was nothing other than happiness and jubilation. We were like one, and no one [gab sich] still [Rechenschaft] of the monumental [Tragweite] of the [Ereignisse]. Also the Prince, whose father was at the head of the fallen government, was like us happy and was [glücklich]. On the following day he had to travel to the HQ of the Red Cross.

Sometime over the next few days the notice of the Tsar's abdication appeared and a [manifest] of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaiewitsch. Then the newspapers arrived. They gave the name of the new minister. They contained a report of the recognition of the new government by the Army High Command. Later the Petrograd garrison had declared (stets) that they had [errungen] the victory of the Revolution:-- here, however, on the front stood the million man army, whose commander took over the [gewaltige] responsibility, in middle of the war to remove their armies from the Tsar's service and to place at the disposal of the new provisional government. General Brussilov did so, followed by the others. And that shows/proves how a [Herrscher] in the eyes of his subjects [blossgestellt] has to, that the highest generals from his [abwarten]. So was the whole Army and thereunder also the small units (drawn into with) in the great Revolution; the old Russian Empire had collapsed.

The newspapers gave reports of the events in Petrograd and contained speeches by the new minister. We all hurried to our medical orderlies' quarters and read to them the news. The medical orderlies shouted hurrahs and their cries mixed in with those of the soldiers from the regiment. The student Iwgeni suggested singing hymns that had been composed to commemorate the fallen 1905

revolutionaries. So now for the following days we awaited the newspapers with anticipation, the [Neuigskheiten überstutzten sich], the Grand Prince Michael did not want to assume the crown. Still the newspapers were full of developments in the capital city, with the dreadful truth remaining completely unknown to us. We read about the [Arrestation] of the former Minister, also of the old Prince Alexander. Behind the provisional government there suddenly emerged the spectre of the Soviet of the Worker – and Soldiers Councils, and although still no one knew what this meant, so [dämpften gleich] the first [Erlasse] of this new institution the [glühende] enthusiasm was significantly dampened. But still in the first days the mood was happy and joyous, and there was absolute peace among the troops. One of our medical orderlies, who would soon join one of the batteries, said: “Now I would gladly give my life, because now I know why we are fighting.” Perhaps if at that moment a great army commander was placed at the head of the troops, and had led them in a large offensive against the enemy, then Kerensky’s ideal of a revolutionary army that the world the [hochste Gute] to bring should, would have been realized, the war may have taken a different course, and Russia would not have descended into anarchy.

The enemy remained silent. It threw proclamations out of airplanes: England had forced the new government on Russia, so that it would continue to fight for both England's and France's interests. Also our medical orderlies gathered together at night and we went to them to discuss the events. It was a shame that none of us were sufficiently schooled in politics and a [Redner] was, in order to be able to clarify the meaning of the events to the people. One man alone in our Otriad recognize the situation as a means of advancing his own personal ambitions. That was Lekar, the Jewish apothecary. He removed his mask and revealed himself to be a demagogue. Prince Alexander had never liked this man.

Our Head Sister, however, often stood up for him because, in general, he had been a good worker; and since she was fond of [ruling], so she understood his flattery [adulation] to be devotion; that was the reason why the Prince had not sent him away earlier. Another was that Prince Alexander did not want to his personal intuition [Gefühl] [der Abreisung] against him not [nachgeben] wanted to. The [Zug] was part of the Prince's character. He could not bring himself to send somebody away from the Otriad, except when there was a [very serious grounds for doing so]. Lekar knew how to talk and to captivate people with slogans. And when the Prince returned eight days after the first news of the revolution, he found that his medical orderlies were already organized.

The Prince looked tired and ailing upon his return. He had already witnessed the first scenes of insubordination when he had visited his brother, an officer with the Guard's, close to the front. His father's fate [ging ihm nahe]. Older officers with whom he had spoken were filled with [difficult] thoughts. The newspaper reports brought [little joy]. In some of the [provincial] cities there reigned bloody revolt. Radical party programs were already being implemented; for example of the land under the former. [?]

The Grand Prince Nikolai N. had not been able to hold himself; the dynasty was [hart aufgefaßt].

The [Stellvertreter] of the Prince in the Otriad spoke [anlässlich] a brief political discussion suddenly a [Sprache] that little with his former servility [ubereinstimmte]. He said to the [Chef] suggested to the soldiers to form a committee (after general Muster) and assured them that he would gladly work with them further under the new circumstances. The following day a priest appeared and all of the medical orderlies and all of my co-workers swore fidelity to the new government.

In those days came the rumoured order regarding the soldier's rights: the [Anreder] “you” of the officer toward the soldier was done away with and also the (polite forms) in the (Benennung) of the soldiers [durch] the soldiers. The officers were exhorted to treat the soldiers well. All differences between officers and soldiers should be decided upon by a committee, which almost exclusively consisted of soldiers. Discipline was not a Russian characteristic. But this order caused the officers and soldiers to

split into two hostile camps. Not only [zerfiel] the [äußer Form] which had maintained the discipline, the officers were now also branded as the guilty party.

Our friend the artillery officer Nikolai came to us soon thereafter and said: "It still goes now, but how will it be, when these workers from Petrograd come closer to us?" He also stressed how sad it was that people who just a short time ago the Tsar and all that went along with him had shook in fear, now have gone and thrown dirt on everything.

Nikolai was a much beloved officer and filled with youthful exuberance and enthusiasm, but already back then he was talking like that. Other officers immediately began to have problems with their men. Despite this there had still not been significant excesses.

The red flags found their way into the army. Gradually all of the battalions, batteries, not to mention the ambulances, were decorated with this outward symbol of the revolution. The various units made [Besuchen] in long processions led by bands playing the Marsaillaise. Soldier-speakers came forward and each time one was supposed to [salutieren] when a cheer for freedom was called upon. Red [Kokarden] began to appear on the soldier's caps, and on their chest they wore red [Bänder]; everything became red, the medals of the Holy St. George with the image of the Tsar were torn off and to the [Freiheitanleihe] sacrificed. Only a few of the soldiers chose to keep this recognition of their bravery, but the image of the Tsar had to be [umgewendet], otherwise the soldier was denounced.

The Corps Commander [beging] a mistake. He countermanded the part in the proclamation regarding soldier's rights in which the "Du" of the soldier and the [Hoflichkeitsform] for the officers [abschaffte]. The soldiers protested and refused to believe their officers. Many had [zunächst jener] reform [beigemessen] absolutely no importance, indeed they were astonished by it and often not at all pleased. I myself had often heard how the soldier's begged their officers to keep using "Du" and apologized for the fact that they no longer were allowed to use the [Hoflichkeitsform in der Anrede]. Now, however, that this right was going to be taken away from them, they declared: No general has the right to alter an order given by Minister of War Gutschkof.

Then there occurred another cause for discord in our division. A company of soldiers from one regiment was ordered by an officer to proceed to the front without weapons. The roads were soft and muddy and the officer wanted to make it less burdensome the soldiers. Unfortunately, he did not explain to them that they were to receive the weapons of the comrades that they were relieving. Now, the several days earlier, the following fanciful story had been printed in a newspaper (the newspapers were now filled with such tales): "A general [a la suite] of the Tsar was reported to have said when he was [Verhaftung]: there remains no other option for us now but to open up the front to the Germans." The soldiers had read this story and, therefore, now their [ungeheuerliches] suspicions were heightened, that the poor soldiers were intentionally being sent into the lines unarmed in order to bait the enemy. This suspicion was also fed by a German proclamation which was regarded by these distrustful soldiers as an agreement between the officers and the enemy [ihnen nicht sogleich vorgelesen worden war]. They surrounded the officer and demanded an explanation. The officer [geriet] in anger and so the soldiers shot him. The doctor who came to his assistance was [verhaftet]. This small mutiny immediate spread through the entire division, and even reached us. The soldiers of the regiment that was stationed in our village surrounded the house that was occupied by the commander. The latter came out, talked in a friendly manner with the soldiers and [versprach] to them, they should always find the [Gelegenheit] to talk to him about their [Anliegen]. On the following day there appeared by us still mistrustful soldiers of the regiment [welches den Totschlag begangen hatte] and asked our medical orderlies, why we were evacuating so many of the sick. Our medical orderlies took them to the sick and showed them how badly they were suffering. Then they called them idiots and sent them home. This incident demonstrates how

serious the situation had become and just how little it took to provoke the soldiers into a blind and violent uproar.

The General-Corps-Commander arrived early the next morning. First he visited us, and that was the last time that I ever saw him. He looked different and talked only a little about insignificant matters. We knew that he loved the people and that he was sincerely happy about the fact that a new era had begun for Russia. Nevertheless, he was an old man and the changes taking place were endlessly difficult. For the first time he [nannte] the Princes: [“Eure Durchlaucht”] and it appeared as if he thereby his [Ehrfurcht vor] the [außern Form], as the traditional symbols of harmonious order, [betonen wolle]. Perhaps he envisaged that by discarding of [Form] also the [Begriffe verwirren wurden] – that anarchy and the [unheilvollen] catastrophe [notwendig] would follow. Perhaps these thoughts gave the old man his aged and [gedankenschwere] appearance.

The general then went to the village square and made a speech to the assembled regiment. He welcomed the new government and the people’s new freedom. But then he spoke as a soldier to soldiers and exhorted them to maintain the strictest discipline. He said: “It is not my intention to rescind an order of the new government, however, I would like that the soldiers out of respect for their officers to maintain the old [Form]. A few soldiers shouted “Hurrah”. For the most part, however, the speech had no influence. The unsuccessful fighting during the summer was still fresh in the soldier’s minds, and many said: The old man should leave.

At another regiment the general met with an even colder reception. A soldier got up on the footboard of the automobile and said, at the same time pointing at the general’s fur coat: “We’re going to have none of that.” The general had to free one of the regimental commanders that was being held by the soldiers. It was that officer who commanded the regiment which was once stationed with us and who was almost the victim of a bomb-assassination because of his brutal conduct. Now the soldiers had surrounded the house in which he lived and had trained twelve machine guns upon it. The soldiers wanted to take him to the Revolutionary Tribunal in Petrograd. The general had great difficulty in freeing the colonel, but eventually he succeeded in spiriting him away in his car. By that time many officers were simply being deposed by the soldiers. Sometimes they went to the regimental commander with their grievances and declared that they no longer wanted a certain officer. The commander occasionally stated that he recognized their grievance as [justified] but the officer was, from a military standpoint, exceptionally competent and therefore couldn’t do without him. Still almost all of these cases ended with the officer’s departure.

The Corps Commander shortly thereafter [took his Abschied] and several followed suit.

We read in [jenen Tagen] that Prince Alexander’s father had been released from imprisonment and we were happy for our commander, since it had been very difficult for him.

Shortly thereafter our Head Sister returned. She had been to Moscow, Kiev, and lastly Petrograd. She talked about how difficult it was to travel because all of the trains were filled with soldiers. Petrograd was peaceful, but the Sister averred the soldier’s complete lack of discipline. The mood had been very gloomy. This we could also gather from the letters which were the first eyewitness accounts of the Revolution we received. They described the massacre of officers during the first days of the Revolution in Petrograd. Even worse was the news from Kronstadt and Helsingfors. Over forty naval officers were murdered and a large number incarcerated. Old generals and admirals were sentenced to hard labour. Half of their hair was shaved from their heads just like criminal forced labourers.

In the meantime our work continued on as before. We had no difficulties. Our druggist Lekar quietly agitated for himself and gathered followers, sometimes our sick also [erlaubten] a tone the earlier had never been heard; we avoided discussions about politics with the soldiers. The young Russian

soldiers, however, were still as cheerful and friendly as before. The Revolution seemed to be for them a large, marvellous festival, that one [gern aus der Nahe] to view would like. That is why so many of our patients were now requesting to be immediately transported [further]. On the whole they were as thankful to us as before. An older [sick] soldier once said to me: "I can no longer remember what my children look like—that's how long I've been in this war. But even if it means never seeing them again, I would gladly give my life, to continue fighting, for I know, that they will have a better life than we have."

IX.

The [zunehmende] Disorganization.

The collapse of the Otriad.

The Committee of our medical orderly soldiers had been organized. Its secretary and director was the [Apotheker] Lekar. Further belonged thereto Ledkof, one of the Feldscherer, who immediately [hielt] for a [Rednertalent] and a political genius, then Rodkin from the [Verbandzimmer], who on the whole was placid, but gradually became fanatical, then Solokatka from our [Kanzlei], the diplomat, [der conciliant wirken sollte] and aside from this a few other very harmless people, who in their work were very tuchtig, but entirely unsuited to the [Losung] of theoretical matters.

The Committee should [vertreten] the interests of the medical orderlies and at the same time [look after the Aufrechterhaltung of the Ordnung]. Next for hours it was [beraten] in which manner these [Funktionen] would be [ausgeuebt] and [erst] a long time later were [bestimmte] rules established through our friend artilleryman A., who had now evolved into a political speaker. All of the medical orderlies gathered twice a week in order to discuss and [abzustimmen] about the [Beschluesse] of the Committee. The Committee itself however had over the results of its [sittings] a protocol to [fuhren], that also had to be signed/authorized by the Prince. As our [Vetreter] to this now organization was the student Iwgeni voted. The general gathering of the medical orderlies then also voted delegates to the various [Ausschusen] of the Division, the Corps, and the Army. This entire [Gebilde] of committees and delegates sprouted like mushrooms as though they had long been planned. [Allerdings] gave these [Einrichtungen zunaechst] only the impression to be [geschaffen] only so that many people could be allowed to voice their opinions, on the content of the [Rede kam es weniger an].

Since now [jedermann] himself on his rights [besann], the doctors of the Red Cross also began to organize. Our surgeon and the Prince's [Stellvertreter] attended a meeting of the [Ausschusses] all of the doctors of the Red Cross on our front. Neither was much loved among us. The former had practically with every one of us [ueberworfen], wanted to leave us and looked for a new [Stelle]; the latter had proven himself unfit for his post and his [Haltung] toward [?] the Prince had since the Revolution was more than [zweideutig]. The two of them came back and provided us with a [Beschluss] of the meeting, [to the effect], that in the future also the administrative [Leitung] of all of the organizations of the Red Cross must be handed over to the doctors. That clearly meant that Prince Alexander would be forced to give up his [Stellung]. The Prince, who above all else loved his Otriad, was deeply [affected] and said: "I will leave soon." Each of us said: "We will leave together." Prince Alexander was [dafur] that the surgeon and his Stellvertreter should remain.

It was a sad evening but the feeling of solidarity that united us with the Prince calmed us down. We sat together, talking about the future until late into the night, wrote letters and already saw the [Gesite weit fort] from here.

Our medical orderlies learned of the development the following day. They were deeply [betroffen] and it did them [aufrichtig leid]. They said: How is this possible? We have worked since the

beginning of the war under the Prince and no person will [je] again such [Vertrauen] find with us as he. The Otriad had [gerade] therethrough a [gewissen] name received. Also the Sister has been with us since the beginning of the war and we have [unbegrenztes] trust to her. We have good doctors and students and now they all want to abandon us all at once. A few of our medical orderlies approached us and begged for us to remain. The Committee however [fuhrte] already again a somewhat different [Sprache] and said: "What right do you even have to leave?" To which we replied that each of us has his own grounds for doing so for they him no [Rechenschaft schulde].

The soldiers invited us in the evening to a general meeting at one of the largest [Erdhutzen] of the [Lagers]. The somewhat damp room was tightly packed with [exhausted] medical orderlies, the air was heavy and oppressive, and the room illuminated by an oil lamp. We entered together with the Prince(s) and [obschon] the medical orderlies [voller Ehrerbietung] space made, had I still for the first time the feeling standing opposite an organized mass, that it for [befuegt hielt] to [richten] over us. The patriarchal spirit of the past had disappeared. But the medical orderlies were nevertheless friendly and still [voller Anhaenglichkeit]. The [Vorsitzende] stepped forward and said: "This meeting has been called because the medical orderlies have learned/heard that the Prince and us doctors, Sisters, and students all want to abandon the Otriad. And why do we want to do this?" Thereafter the Prince simply stated that for him there was no other option since a [New Organization] of the Red Cross his [Ersatz] through a [artzlichen director [fordere. We on the other hand [?] answered that we are [uberzeugt] that we under another [Chef] no longer in the same manner can work as under the Prince and therefore intended to leave with him. The medical orderlies replied: We are going to resist this general [Weggang] with all of our opposition. Next: we do not wish for the Prince to go. We will do everything we can so that he can stay. We want to send delegates to Petrograd to meet with Minister of War Gutschkoff, to the [Direktion] of the Red Cross, and to the [Workers- and Soldiers Council] in order to present them with a petition, which will explain to the grounds which make it imperative that the Prince remains with us. Thereupon they asked each and every one of us whether we will remain with the Otriad should the Prince have to leave. We remained resolved on our previous answer, but the medical orderlies [weigerten sich, sie als endgultig anzunehmen]. Most of all they desired that our [Oberschwester - head nurse] would stay with them. That was all fine and good [?]. Only one shadow fell over all of this. The student Benjamin was intentionally excluded from the general request, to remain - the medical orderlies no longer wanted him. There were several reasons for this. [Einmal] he was always somewhat despotic and [hitzig] and because of this had made enemies of some of the medical orderlies. Moreover, he was on a bad footing with our surgeon, who had often openly stated before the medical orderlies, that he would leave the Otriad because of this student, who was also much loved by the Prince. The surgeon and Lekar had become good friends and the former was attempting to make himself popular among the medical orderlies. Benjamin had once [begangen] the [Unvorsichtigkeit] after the Revolution to speak out against the Jews, and in particular against Lekar. The latter now [rachte sich], in that he among the medical orderlies [ausstreute], that Benjamin was an enemy of the Revolution and a supporter of the [Old Regime].

Following the meeting we all returned to our common room. Benjamin was [leichenblass] and didn't say a word. We all felt sorry for him because even if he did sometimes express his self-confidence too severely, he was in the end a [herzensguter] person and the intrigue was to [durchsichtig].

That night we were paid a visit by Prince Juri, who stayed with us for a few days. He was now an artilleryman and a mere/simple soldier with a Guards battery, and because of this had participated in the Revolution. He lively and [heiteres] temperament was refreshing and [was a help] to Prince Alexander, who in those days was suffering as a result of the [general Garung] of the political atmosphere. Prince Juri was filled with [Besorgnisse] for the future, [wenn auch nicht ganz] pessimistic.

But he did say, in reference to all of the pictures we had decorated our [Hutten] with, that: "This will all go to the Germans." [?????]

Spring had returned. The land was overflowing with water, nice and fresh – the children played in the sun [an der Sonne] and the girls dressed themselves with the colourful national [Tracht]. One day we went to a neighbouring village in which the Czech [tscheschische] soldiers had planted a garden with [mannigfarbenen Pflanzenbeeten] and ornaments, interspersed with [with small kunstreiche seen], also [Festungen] and Kirchlein were [hineingebaut]; small and [zierlich] like toys in the manner of a Japanese garden. A number of soldiers were sunning themselves there. There was music and soldiers were dancing. They were all sporting rad bands – they no longer saluted, otherwise one sensed little of the great "Kluft".

Three delegates travelled to Petrograd with a petition that the service of our Prince and the ambulance [eingehend and with [Lieb schildert]. It was signed by all of the medical orderlies and all of us. The delegates voted on by the medical orderlies were Lekar and Solokatka. Our [Wachtmeister's] Stellvertreter, Krupenin, who highly respect our prince and did not trust Lekar, also volunteered to accompany them. At that time a [wild] battle was raging to our south, and day and night we could hear the artillery. The enemy was testing the effects of the Revolution and wanted to demonstrate their friendship to the Russian people. Two Russian division were completely wiped out. Wild rumours reached us. There was talk of a mutiny during which the officers had been murdered by their own men. [Anderseits] we learned it had [hendelt sich] about a [Fehler] in the [Armeeleitung] and that the [Hochstkommandierende] of the Army had to go. The officers viewed the future with [Besorgnis]. Only a few optimists said, tired of the [ewigen Reibereien], the [einsetzenden] loosening of discipline and the [erquicklichen] Verhandlungen with the committees: "If only the enemy would attack us, then we would again all become united." Others said, and to them belonged Prince Alexander: "No attacks now, regardless of which side."

Easter came. The days were [wunderschon], filled with sunshine, warmth, and [ringsherum] fresh, [green] life. Olympic-style games were to take place on the large field: a joyous peoples- and soldier's festival. The soldiers gathered with music, which played the Marseillaise and [schwenkten] red flags/banners; an officer standing next to me said: [seltsam] this sight and sound. Just several months ago machine guns had been positioned [?] to shoot at everything. Speeches were made. An officer who wanted to make himself popular stepped forward and, after welcoming the People's liberation, stated: "Now the German people only have to depose their Wilhelm and peace and order will reign everywhere." Another officer declared: "I do not understand how a Russian officer can talk about German order, and about what the Germans should do. The German socialists [sind zuerst abgefallen] and have only criticized [?] the Russian people. There is nothing better than a Russian victory against the Germans." The soldiers cheered "Hurra," with the same enthusiasm they did to that of the first speech/speaker.

By the playing the Czech soldiers [auszeichneten sich wiederum] through great [Geandtheit] in athletics. Soldiers stood around, officers, villagers, women and children. The Stimmung was frohlich but the burning red of the flags and the Haltung of the soldiers, who presented a stark contrast to the former [gedruckte, shy Wesen] and who were also in many respects already [light feindselig] towards the officers, bildete a not entirely unsichtbare Drohung.

Soon afterwards our division received an order to proceed into the reserve. Talk was of a large-scale [Truppenverschiebung] and it meant that our corps would be sent to another part of the front. But the orders were [widersprachen] every day and that [reizte] people. One day a regiment was sent to another part of the line, only to be sent back to its former position two days later. All of this depended on the [beständigen Wechsel] of all of the high command positions together. Prince Alexander resolved that we [vorläufig] would remain in [Ort und Stelle], even as the infantry division was/would be replaced by

another, because here we could be of service—but while in reserve we would have nothing to do. The former division's artillery also remained.

In the meantime the Pandora's box of the extreme [maximalistisches] and pacifistic propaganda had been opened and its content spread throughout the entire Army. And the workers- and soldiers-rates appeared to only be intent on ruining the Army and the country. The [ersatz] division that appeared by us was completely [durchseucht] with the [maximalistisches] ideas and was militarily [unmöglich]. Next the soldiers declared that they didn't want this position, that no artillery was vorhanden. They were shown the canons from the division that had been relieved. Thereupon they complained about the insufficient number of machine guns. No sooner had they entered the line, two companies withdrew and headed for home. The others declared: We will remain where we are, but we will not participate in an offensive. And should the old division return, so will we against them it to wehren wissen. They [weigerten sich] to fire upon the enemy, shooting into the air instead, or at storks and frogs. They ordered the artillery to not fire against the enemy [selbst] at the daily reconnaissance airplane(s). At the same time they began to fraternize with the enemy soldiers. They met with them between the lines and converse with them. I was told: once two Russian soldiers had been with the Germans for several hours and the enemy had then declared that they had seen too much and would not be allowed to go back. In return the Germans sent two of their own people to give themselves up as prisoners. I do not know whether the story is true, but it is possible. The enemy kept quiet. No artillery fire, no bombs dropped from airplanes, only proclamations with propaganda directed towards the Allies. Also in our Otriad the political poison was palpable. Indeed, here there was no pacifist propaganda, the opposite our orderlies were [aufrichtig empört] over the [Handlungsweise] of the so-called soldiers. But the socialist doctrines worked slowly into [their] heads and it was [seltsam] and sometimes almost a tragi-comedy to watch, how in [ubrige ruhige] and [vollständig gleichmässig]. Natures among our orderlies now in [Wanken gerieten] and [sich hineingrubelten] in a [eingebildetes Unrecht]. They quarrelled amongst themselves and many times the Prince was [begged] to [stiften] peace. They searched for small injustices [hervor] in the [bisheriger] administration of the Otriad, discussed these things for hours on end and allowed themselves only slowly through logical [Gründe überzeugen]. The sad thing about all of this was not that they [besannen] themselves on their rights, rather that they sought injustices of the past that [ihnen] never [zugefügt worden war]. And with the heightened importance that they [sich zuschrieben] grew also their self-confidence [??? Ungemessene] and [gerade] Rodkin, previously a calm, [gemäßigter], verstandiger man, now had become [selbstgerecht, einsinnig] and (to us) gradually [feindselig]. The committee took on [Nach und Nach] the entire [Leitung] of the Ambulance out of the hands of the Prince.

It is indeed understandable that these people without [Erziehung] and [Urteilkraft, geblendet] from the mass of political agitation that from the newspapers and Flugblättern now suddenly [ubermächtigt] onto them stormed, [vollständig verwirrt] became following many years of oppression. They were like blind and could no longer distinguish between good and bad, justice and injustice. And since each of them was a despot, they could only tolerate their own opinions. Then the word "freedom" worked like a magic potion [??? The people [berauschte]. Freedom, symbolized by the red flag, became a word that lost its [Sinn], something [alltägliches, Gewöhnliches] in [gewöhnlicher Hande], a red [Fetzen] that one could [fassen] with hands, and not an ideal that first gradually in the course of time through had [erworben ... Bildung und Kampf]. Our orderlies belonged to already a higher social and spiritual [Niveau] than the common Russian soldier. These [Naturkinder], almost all [analphabetische] farmer's sons, suddenly stood [jenem] for the [unbegriffliches and unfaßliches Begriff] of freedom [gegenüber]. They considered] freedom as the permission [nachzugeben] of every impulse, without [Schranken]. And [aufhetzer---] leaders made out of it what they wanted. They versprachen [ihnen] the division of the country, they declared officers to be the enemy. And like children of a [gewissen] age more

[empfanglich] are for the [Bose] so too did these men feel drawn to the wild theories about the fight against the enemies of the Revolution. Also alive in their thinking were the memories of their comrades who had spilled their blood on the battlefield, after they had fought with [stocken] and stones against a much better armed enemy, and they had the [Gefühl that it had in the past an injustice occurred. Added to this that all of these men, the children or [kindeskinden] from [Leibeignen] were, still the instincts of the [Erniedering] and [Demutigung] of the past [in sich trugen]. They did not understand the war. That the Russian Empire [zerfallen] would, they also did not understand. They loved their [heimliche] Russian soil and the thought that this could become German did not occur to them at all, the German was after a foreign language speaker and the Russian soil was Russian and the Russian immeasurably large and rich and the Russian people the best in the world. Thereto came the indolence of the Russian character, that [sich] not [wehren können] and [wollen], the fatalism. The war lost its meaning when one talked to the Russian soldier about the partition of the country. The [Prinzip] of the authority was eliminated and for this reason nothing was held back anymore. The faith was dead. What did these poor, ignorant Russian soldiers [????] about imperialism, about faith/loyalty to the Allies, which they did not know, and from the danger that was [ausgesetzt] in their own country. After they had been given their freedom and [alles Schöne] promised, the war [?] lost its [Sinn] and they threw down their weapons and ran away from it.

Prince Alexander said to me: "I myself will never [beklagen] when these people still perpetrate many [entsetzliche] and [grausame] acts. Even when they burn down my father's house and take away all of our land and estate, then too will I not [klagen] about it. They are not to blame; we are the ones who are guilty. They were intentionally kept in the dark." Then [hinzufugte] the Prince smiling sadly: "Should I now want to explain this to one of our soldiers, he would not understand me and would believe that I was not speaking the truth. They are not able to understand that one is able to [hinwegsetzen] from one's standpoint."

The delegates returned from Petrograd, and Kropenin told us about how they had been warmly received by Graf Ignatiev, the [Direktion] of the Red Cross. The Graf explained that he [had] always [eingenommen] the [Standpunkt] that medical and administrative [Leitung] should be separate and that this petition [bilde] for him a [wertvolles] document. In addition, the Otriad is known on the entire front and the Graf gave us his [Ehrenwort] that with us all would remain as before. Lekar appeared several days later and related the same. Then he [vorwies] an [apothicer patent] that he had on the journey [verschafft] that should [berechtige] him to a higher position/post.

It is [eigentümlich] how with little enthusiasm this [gunstige] report was received by all of us. [Derart] we were already assailed from the [garenden zersetzenden] political unrest all around us. It is true that the village was the same, also the trees in the forest, the wide [Sandflächen] and the wide swamps, it was even also the soldiers with the same uniforms, but the [Haltung] was no longer the same; they no longer saluted, they sometimes regarded us [feindselig]; the Sisters could no longer go over the land without escort, since the animal in the soldier had been stirred and at nights the farm houses were broken into and robbed; once again one saw drunkards. There were always groups of soldiers standing around and sought to discuss socialist ideas—the people had become much different. Only we in our close-knit circle resolved to (remain together) like before and were [wunderbar einig].

Then came difficulties. The daily transport of the [sich] had exhausted our horses considerably [because] not enough fodder was available for them. The [Versorgung] with [Nahrungsmittel] had become worse and [massenhaft] the soldiers became ill with scurvy. We had to reduce our transports and [hand it over] to another unit—and one attempted by all means [or all sorts of] fodder to secure for the horses.

After the return of Lekar our relationship with the committee rapidly worsened. He had behind him already a mighty party. And in the question regards vacations for the orderlies, which was now lively

[beraten], he set in his head against that of the Prince. Moreover, the orderlies were now starting to return from their vacations whenever they pleased, and the closer to the larger cities they had been, the more they had become [erfüllt] with their rights. There began small intrigues and [hetzerein], for example, the committee [behauptet] that we, ie. the Prince, the doctors, the students and the Sisters from the ambulance were receiving the best meat. This was not true. The meat was being equally distributed and in the last months we had in fact not eaten any for weeks on end, rather had given it all to our patients. Another [Vorwurf richtete sich] against the clerks in or [Kanzlei], who completely unjustly-fertigerweise [?] [angefeindet] was, because they sometimes allowed themselves to [widersprechen] Lekar. That [wiederum reizte] a group of soldiers against the others. The protocol with these allegations were presented to the Prince, who [weigerte] to sign it, and then [Schlag auf Schlag] the people [bewies] that they false [Behauptungen aufgestellt] had. That was all very [muhsam], above all for the Prince, who had long since become a martyr. Lekar also [verlangte] in the name of the committee a credit of two hundred Rubel toward the acquisition of political literature.

One day we now learned that this/there demagogue in secret a malicious propaganda against the Prince [betrieb]. We thereupon insisted immediately that this stuff be clarified. And so it was; Lekar had after a meeting of the orderlies the [Umstehenden] declared: the Prince was doing nothing for the [Herbeischaffung] of the fodder for the horses. [Ueberhaupt] should one the entire work once [einstellen]. The Otriad was tired and had worked enough during the whole winter. The Prince thought only about the Otriad's prestige. His [Stellvertreter] had to go because no work was given to him to do (he had left shortly before this because we could not [gegenseitig verstehen]. The student Benjamin, who the orderlies no longer wanted, however, remained, even though he did nothing. When the Prince that [vernahm], he resolved to [auszuweisen] Lekar from the Otriad in an open meeting of all of the orderlies. And he informed the committee of this intention.—In private the Prince himself had also already all but decided to leave the Otriad, since he had [eingesehen] that the orderlies and himself spoke two different languages. And indeed [vorhielt] him his sense of duty and his love and [Anhänglichkeit] in the Otriad [zurück] the final [Entschluß].

When Lekar heard that the Prince wanted to openly [auftreten] against him, he became fearful and declared that he wanted to leave on his own accord, and he let to the Prince therefrom [Mitteilung] make. Prince Alexander and us with him were, however, the opinion that one [durfe] these people to not allow to go, without openly stating the reasons and him also to give him the opportunity to respond. In the unsettled time in which we lived this demagogue could have had [ausstrenen], the Prince was sending him away because of his political views and used the phrase "enemy of the Revolution" in order to inflame the anger of the masses.

In the meeting, which lasted for several hours, and which was held in our common living area, we brought those [schwerfalliger beschränkten] men finally [dazu einzusehen], that Lekar had to go. None of them were fond of him since they were all in [Gründe rechtschaffene] men and [witterte] the [Falschheit], but they [unterlagen] the suggestion [seiner Phrasen], and he was the Party and [der Ihre]. Finally we got them so far to sign a statement that the general meeting after the [Weggange] of Lekar [vorgelegt werden sollte], it read: "Lekar departs the Otriad by his free will in [Einverständnis] with the signatures, which Lekar's conduct in the Otriad [für schädlich erachtet]." The small Ledkof was happy in silence, [blinzelt] and rubbed his hands because now he alone was the big man without a dangerous rival. The Prince also declared that he seriously thinks about it to leave the Otriad and we all expressed our solidarity.

The next morning we were awoken early, fifteen orderlies [verlangten] a meeting. They wanted to discuss [?] the question: "Why is the ambulance commander [ausweist] Lekar from the Otriad?" Lekar and his friends had during the night [getrieben] and [eifrige] propaganda, went from [Hütte to Hütte],

and gathered a powerful party behind them. In order to make what follows more understandable, I have to mention once more that forty-five of our best orderlies had left us shortly before, and we did not know the replacement men or anything about their previous life; and, moreover, that many of the orderlies were on vacation.

The meeting took place outside among the trees. We [lagerten] us on the hay. The orderlies were gathered around, and soldiers who happened to be passing by also stopped to listen in.

The Prince stepped forward and made a long speech. He attempted the [Untreuehaftigkeit] of the men to [bewiesen] who shortly before after Petrograd had travelled apparently to work toward the keeping of the Prince in the Otriad, but who were now making hostile propaganda against the same commander behind his back.

The Prince declared very openly that he personally Lekar [nie habe leiden mogen], that he had however always [bemueht] to suppress his feelings. And he mentioned all what he had done for him in the past during his [Anlagezustandes] and also later and [wies auf] his ungratefulness. Then he attempted to remind the orderlies how [verachtlich] they had been treated by Lekar, and how he had now suddenly become a turncoat. He [erwaehte] also that the current agitation by Lekar was simply intended to personal [ehrgeizige] that he afterwards [trachte] to build a personal career that the Otriad's work would suffer as a result and therefore that overall Lekar is very dangerous, even should the Prince leave. Lekar [trachte] everywhere to become a delegate, yes, his plans [hintracteten] self after the [konstituante]. The Prince ended his speech by saying that he did not as a Prince against a Jew wanted to speak, rather as a person who himself [achte], against another, who he could not [achten]. With this the Prince left the meeting. Our cook cried: "Down with Lekar. The Prince should remain with us." Otherwise, there was complete silence.

Thereupon Lekar got up. During the Prince's speech he had (hardly once) raised his head and his hands had always been playing with the sand on the ground. He spoke very [geschickt], but untruthfully. And the entire [Sinn] of his speech went [dahin] to make himself out as a [verachteter] Semetic martyr, as one of the [innumerable verfolgten] Jews. He had always been a friend of the people and his intentions were [noble], and that his intentions had simply been misunderstood. He attempted to it [ins lacherliche] to draw that it to him [vorgeworfen wurde] that he follows personal [ehrgeizige] agenda. He had never thought about it on so high **[Steeln]**, like the [konstituante to gelangen], he, the poor Jew in [Gesellschaft] with Koryphan [?] like Kerensky, "but," he then [fortfuhr], "now Comrades, a new era has dawned and to each of you these highest [Ehrenstellen] are open."

This speech was [aufgenommen with lebhaften Beifall]. Thereupon spoke one of us and declared in our name that we were all in solidarity with the Prince and he expressed that we all considered it impossible to continue working with men like Lekar.

Brave Kropenin stood up then and also wanted to speak from the perspective of the orderlies against Lekar. But he was not allowed to speak, rather was wildly shouted down. The storm [legte sich] for some time and it was only discussed about mundane things. Finally the [Abstimmung] took place. Next was asked: "Does the Otriad consider Lekar to be dangerous?" Of the 110 people who were present, eighty voted "No."

The second question [lautet]: "Should Lekar go?" Again, eighty voted "No."

And finally: "Do we ask Lekar to remain?" Eighty voted "Yes."

This of course meant that the same men who just two months ago were completely [verzweifelt gebardert hatte daruber] that we wanted to leave the Otriad, had now with complete [Bewusstsein] voted that we should go.

We went home escorted by a number of our supporters. Skablanof, the cook, [verwunschte] Lekar and all Jews. Truss was crying, and Wlasof said that these hours had shortened his life by ten years, while Prince Alexander hardly said anything.

On the evening of the same day, the orderlies gathered once again and sang songs and danced to the sound of harmonicas.

X.

Epilogue

There was the ending which was inevitable given the way things had become. Our Otriad had distinguished itself because it was led by a commander who was through his [Charaktergeschaften] in considerable [MaSSe] the first aid to [verwirklichen] which the ideal of that sort of organization is. A committee of orderlies who did not possess the old spirit, rather only grumbled and obstructively [eingriffen] had destroyed this [life]. Thereto came that the commander belonged to the class whose entire [Wesen] was closely tied to that of the old regime. The revolutionary masses stood now all alone what they remembered from the past with distrust and hate against.

Prince Alexander had in quiet and solitude suffered through the difficult times. The orderlies had not known or seen any of this. They had won everything while the Prince had lost everything. It is not easy to carry a name which is connected to centuries of tradition and privilege, and which suddenly overnight had [zerfallen]. It is not easy to experience how a name that once had stood for a highest [Ehrentitel galt], now was suddenly [geachtet]. The Prince considered it his duty to remain at his post until the last moment and to completely the new Verhältnisse anzupassen, but the new Verhältnisse gingen über ihn hinweg, they had no place for his kind.

The Prince understood and [verzieh] that all in [jener] great love that is so [echt] Russian. And the memory of this Russian love is the best of what I brought with me from Russia and it [erhält] in me also the belief in the Russian people and that it will be rescued from the chaos.

On the afternoon following that [entscheidendes] meeting, over twenty orderlies came before the Prince and said: "It is no longer possible that what can remain here. Please help us." Among these people was Andreef, the [Wachtmeister], Krupenin, Truß, Skablanof, and selbstverständlich Wlasof. The Prince [fragte nach] their wish/request. Several of them wanted [ebenfalls] to go to a battery and others [vorzogen] further service with other organizations in the Red Cross.

The surgeon had not been present when all this conflict had taken place. His friendship with Lekar had not only [compromised] his in our eyes, rather himself also [gegenüber] and he had sich wiederum bemüht to find another [Stellen]. When he now returned we explained to him the current situation and Prince Alexander [bat] him [vorläufig] to take over his post as commander of the Otriad. He accepted. The Prince travelled to the Red Cross's headquarters in order to find people to replace us. [AuSSerdem begab er sich] to the general staff of our Army in order to find accommodation for the soldiers who along with us were leaving, to find other units and to find replacements for them, too. All was for him bewilligt.

Ten days later four sisters and a new doctor arrived, who our Stellen einnehmen sollten. New orderlies also arrived, former infantrymen who had come directly from the front line.

Prince Alexander and I were the first to depart. It was a beautiful and warm day; the students escorted us on horseback until the first train station. The Prince had sich as a volunteer to a battery [angemeldet]. And also the students were gewillt to transfer to the army. Our Oberschwester went to Moscow in order to work at a Lazarett there. The other Sisters went to another Otriad. The Prince said to me: "It is best if you return to your homeland."

The journey to Petrograd was muhevoll and unruhig. All of the trains were overflowing with soldiers who also sat on the roofs and were streaming into the [Hinterland] in masses from the front, no doubt the majority were deserters. They were returning home [um land zu nehmen damit] them no other [zuvorkam], or they wanted to go to the capital in order to associate with the heard of the revolution.

Petrograd itself made a sad impression on me. The Schonheit of the city schien geschandet through the Pobel. Nearly all of the houses carried red flags, that was to the Schutze of the occupants, since it meant that in these houses there were no weapons [um] the Revolution to [bekämpfen]. The soldiers who were strolling along the streets appeared to be completely [verwahrlost]. Several of them carried as part of their uniform Pantoffeln and weiche Filzhute. They occupied all of the seats in the streetcars and did not even consider getting up when an old general entered. On all streetcorners there were groups of Bevolkerung of all Stande engaged in discussion. Demonstration parades with red and whote flags, sometimes [comprising of armed...] wandered through the city and excited the Bevolkerung. Halbwuchsig boys and street walkers participated in these. In the [Spitalen] considerable unrest reigned. The soldier-patients went out and one to all hours of the day and night, whenever they pleased. And each [Spital] had its committee, one for the [Angestellte] and one for the patients. I also saw the ruins of the [Justizpalast] as well as marks left by gunfire on other buildings. The air was oppressively schwul—not just from the sunshine, but from the [dumpfen Druck] that upon all of the Bewohner lastete and the [bestandige threat] of new bloody events. There reigned a feeling of vollstandiger uncertainty. This was in late-June. On the day [?] before my departure, I was also witness to a massive [maximilischen] demonstration parade. That was the trauriger Schutzen of the jetziger “government”. I head a man in the crowd all out: “Those are not soldiers, rather prisoners.”

I met in those days Prince Alexander’s father, the last Prime Minister of the old regime. The old Prince wandered like a [Fremdling] and [Verbannten] in the to him very familiar streets of Petrograd in the midst of this Menge which had lost all [Ehrfurcht] now that they were under the red flag.

And [wie] I departed, I feared that still worse times were ahead for the country that I had come to love and in which I had spent such [seltsame], rich times [zugebracht]. The country was sick and all of my friends and those of [echt] Russian heart suffered under the [Unglueck]. I believe that Dostjewsky had once said: “Russia cannot be [begriffen] with [dem Verstand], one must [daran glauben].”

END